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ALL MUST BE FRIENDS.

BY F. C.

Farewell, farewell, to the grand old year;
He came, and he passed away,
Like the song of a bird or a fleecy cloud,
On the brow of a summer day.
His form was bent and his eye was dim,
His locks were as white as snow,
And we laid him to sleep with the autumn
leaves
And the hopes of long ago;
And over him sang the moaning winds,
A requiem soft and low.
All hail, all hail to the queen of morn,
And her steeds as fleet as air,
That speed their flight o'er the mountain
height,
And this is the news they bear:—
Awake, awake, for the night is gone
From the deep blue sky so clear;
Awake, and haste, with a welcome smile,
And a song for the glad new year.
Awake, awake, and the youth behold,
Who comes in his bright array,
And these are his words to the young and old,
That all must be friends to-day.

Then come with joy, and with social mirth,
Let the moments glide away;
Bring flowers, bring flowers, for the golden
hours,
For all must be friends to-day.
A silver chime from the bell of time
Takes up the tuneful lay;
All be glad, and not one be sad,
—Year day.

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY F. C.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"I HAVE been treated as a lunatic, though I am really quite sane. I could bear it no longer, and have escaped. I have no friend but you. Come to my assistance. If you don't come, I shall go mad and destroy myself!"

But there was no address. I instantly got together what money I could, and prepared to start by the night mail-steamers from Dover.

While I was dressing a second telegram arrived. It came from the keepers and ran thus:

"You need not trouble yourself; the lunatic is re-captured."

I nevertheless resolved to cross. When I reached Paris it was looking its loveliest, still all to me was gloom. I had many friends in France, but they were all in the provinces. I had no one to consult with, and had to consider what steps to take first. While deliberating, I remembered an old acquaintance who held an official position at Versailles. I resolved to write to him for advice and assistance.

I told him my story as briefly and simply as I could, and received a prompt reply, characteristic of a sentimental and chivalrous young Frenchman touched by a pathetic story.

"I am entirely at your disposal, ready to incur any risk, ready to carry the young girl off and marry her if you like. Only speak the word, dear friend!"

Here was practical help with a vengeance. My answer was—

"Thanks! The best thing will be an introduction to some influential person in the police. As for the elopement and the marriage—we can talk of them later."

I received the introduction I required, and had an interview with no less a person than the head of the police. He listened patiently, and exhibited no surprise.

The man was as stolid as any Englishman; he showed no sympathy respecting

my story, only professional interest. He was extremely polite, but cautious.

Yes—he could easily procure the address for me; all strangers were looked after in Paris. Nothing could be done to the people in charge unless the young girl was personally ill-used.

A domiciliary visit, Madame thought? Yes—that could be made. A watch could be kept on the people? That also could be effected, especially as Madame had relations with Monsieur Ernest D. of Versailles, who was so well known, etc., etc. Meanwhile Madame had better consult a good avocat; she had better call on Monsieur X., Rue d'Enfer, etc., etc.

I learned that poor Louisa was lodged in an obscure street, the Rue Vanneau, on the other side of the Seine—the South-west of Paris. The sun-blinds of the upper part of the house were never used, so very little light could penetrate within.

On the ground-floor lived a professional blanchisseuse, who displayed laces, muslins, and fine linen, beautifully got up, in her shop-front. I made an excuse to have a conversation with her, and found her very accessible.

Yes; there was a young girl in charge of two persons a second; the concierge had told her all about it. The girl looked ill and very miserable. She had run

the affair—oh, yes, a great mystery! They said she had disgraced herself and family at home, and was obliged to be sent away and hidden.

The women took their charge out every day for an hour and walked as fast as if they thought someone was running after them. They were English. It was plain the poor young creature had no mother, or, however infamous she had been, she would never be abandoned so.

Was she mad? Perhaps so—indeed, when she had escaped, she had gone off without a bonnet or mantle; and no one in their senses would so outrage les biens-séances, etc., etc.

While we were talking the persons in question came downstairs and walked out. Fortunately they did not look towards the ironer's shop, and I, having drawn back into the shade, could see without being seen.

Poor Louisa looked wretchedly ill. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she was very lame. The trio walked in single file, the pale prisoner in the middle, a keeper before and behind. The keepers were two robust-looking women, evidently capable of great fatigue; they walked very quickly, while their captive evidently panted in her efforts to keep up the pace.

I consulted the clever advocate recommended to me, who was so much touched by my tale that he refused to take a fee from me. He would have helped if he could, but assured me that nothing could be done beyond keeping the party under strict surveillance, unless physical ill-usage in the sense of assault and battery could be alleged against the women. All he could advise me to do was to try to force some compromise from Mrs. Dawson be threats of exposure.

I had noted the hour at which the cruel jailers led out their prisoner, and I watched for them twice and followed at a distance. They walked through back streets, always in the same order, always at the same rapid pace, as if to exhaust their prisoner.

I should only have made Louisa's dreadful position more unbearable had I tried to speak to her. I knew that no letter sent by post would be allowed to reach her.

Nevertheless I wrote one containing a few words, exhorting her to trust in her Maker, to be patient, to submit to her

mother, and reminding her that, if the sun did not come forth from the dark cloud behind which it was hidden, she would eventually have a happy home, into which she would be gladly welcomed. Meanwhile she would not be forgotten, but would be watched over by the police and by friends of mine.

This letter I succeeded one day in pushing into her hand in a crowded street, having cautiously disguised myself so as not to be recognized. I then thought that I had done all I could, especially after receiving a promise from my Versailles friend that perpetual vigilance would be exercised.

The Paris police would certainly keep a strict lookout, and an occasional domiciliary visit would be a check on the keepers. I was compelled to return to England, for urgent family matters called me home.

I had scarcely reached Kensington when I put into execution the plan on which I had resolved—to try what a few threats of exposure would accomplish with Mrs. Dawson.

I could not be content to leave my poor dear Louisa in such misery without striving, even by running a considerable risk, to ameliorate her painful condition. I accordingly wrote thus to her unnatural mother:

"I have been so busy, but have ascertained beyond a doubt that you, unfortunate child is treated as a lunatic—indeed more harshly than many insane people are treated. I consider that her health, her reason, even if her life be spared, will be wrecked if the present cruel treatment continues.

"I do not hesitate to tell you, whatever may be the consequence to myself, that, unless I hear shortly that Louisa is once more in her own home in the position of your eldest daughter, and treated as such, I shall make it my business to state the whole case to the nearest sitting magistrate, which will at least ensure publicity. I will also write a full report of it and send it to the morning newspapers, with one of which I am connected.

"Your obedient servant,
"F. FORRESTER."

I had scarcely despatched my letter when I received one from Monsieur Ernest D., my Versailles friend, which ran thus:—

"You would have done well, my dear friend, to let me run off with la belle Louisa; I could easily have snatched her away from those fiendish women. Now I learn, and am sorry to tell you, that they have fled. They did so in the middle of the night, apparently for fear of the police, of course, carrying with them their victim, who must surely have been drugged into insensibility, for not a sound was heard by any of the other inmates of the house. I have ascertained that they have returned to England; but of course I could not trace them beyond their point of embarkation—Boulogne. They travelled by the Folkestone Boat Line."

I was now fairly nonplussed, and had to sit down to think. Should I succeed in giving Mrs. Dawson a fright, or should I receive a lawyer's letter trying to intimidate me?

In about ten days, when I was almost despairing of hearing anything more of my dear girl, I received a letter from Mrs. Dawson. It ran as follows:—

"Madame:—Your conditions are complied with, though I would not for a moment lead you to suppose that a person like you can intimidate one in my position. My daughter is at home, and is about to 'come out' at a county ball. If your regard for her is such as you pre-

tend, you will not injure her prospects by exposing her family to calumnious remarks.

"M. DAWSON."

Yes; whatever face she had put upon it, I had really intimidated Mrs. Dawson. As for me, the revulsion of feeling, after the long tension of my nerves, was almost too much for me. I remembered that Mrs. Dawson's faith could be implicitly trusted, so I set a person to watch in her neighborhood to see what went on.

That person, by good fortune, knew some one who visited the Dawsons, and thus I ascertained that Louisa really was at home, somewhat improved in health, and certainly very much so in position. She had "come out," and, though there did not appear to be any warmth of affection between the mother and the daughter, they appeared to be at least on civil terms.

Mr. Dawson was never seen, unless when driving out accompanied by a medical man, who lived with him. He always kept his own apartments, and was described as a confirmed invalid, yet he did not look at all ill. As for Louisa, her manner was subdued and sad. No letter came from her to me; I quite understood that of course, she was not permitted to write to me, even were she allowed to write letters at all.

My own health had suffered considerably from fatigue and agitation, and I was besides rather overdone through arrears of work, which had been neglected during my absence from home and pre-occupation, in the affairs of my unfortunate pupil.

"It is of no use in the world," I exclaimed, "for any one to ask to see me. You may tell the person who has called, that even if he were the Prince of Wales himself, I am too unwell to receive him to-day."

This was the answer to the servant who came to announce a visitor.

The maid then added:

"The gentleman seems very anxious. I looked wearily at the card she gave me—'Doctor Fergus Grahame'—and said:

"I don't know the name." The girl left the room, but returned almost immediately, saying:—

"Please, ma'am, the gentleman says it's business of life and death—it's about Miss Dawson."

I started from my chair to meet the visitor as soon as he entered the room.

Doctor Fergus Grahame was a handsome young man, about eight-and-twenty, tall, well-built, and gentlemanly. There was a certain air of embarrassment about him as he advanced, bowing respectfully. In answer to my inquiring look, he said:—

"I have taken a great liberty, madam, in coming to you as a perfect stranger. I did not contradict him; so he continued—

"May I entreat you to tell me where Miss Dawson is?"

"My dear sir, have you not heard of her return to her father's house?"

"Not one word. I left the North some time ago; at that time she was stated to be with you."

"Doctor Grahame, I really feel inclined to tell you all I know. But first will you object to answering a few questions?"

"Certainly not. I will reply to anything you wish to ask."

"Then tell me truly—have you had anything to do with Louisa's troubles?"

"If Why, I would have died, I would die now to save her an hour's sorrow!"

"Indeed! That implies, then, that you are—her lover?"

"Her lover, madam, heart and soul—her lover in the truest sense of the word, to the height and depth of my being."

"You have told yer so?"

"Never! I attended her for a time, and soon learned to love her sweet ingenious nature. I saw that she was unhappy in her luxurious home, that her mother was more than a heartless worldling."

"I recognized the fact that she could have no kindness or protection from her father, for, though they imagined the secret to be well kept, the unfortunate man is a lunatic, and is watched over in his own house by a keeper."

"Mr. Dawson is completely sequestered, and stated to be a confirmed invalid, who cannot see or be seen by friends or acquaintances. So the poor child is home! I cannot rejoice in that—it is no home to her."

"Did Louisa ever confide in you?"

"No, never. And her governess, a poor ill-used looking creature, had evidently grown into a dragon in temper. Directly I entered the house I saw that there was a very ugly skeleton in it. The father dwells apart in his own rooms with his supposed medical attendant and a nurse. I have seen Mrs. Dawson only once or twice; but it was quite often enough to discover that she is a selfish, vain, luxurious pleasure-lover, indifferent to husband and children, and bitterly jealous of her young daughter's beauty. So she is home. Ah—I wish she were with you!"

"Heaven knows I wish it too!" I exclaimed.

I then told Doctor Grahame all I knew, including the Paris episode. He listened eagerly, now and then interrupting me with exclamations of indignation as I described to him poor Louisa's flight, her cruelly-hard treatment afterwards, her life in Paris.

I finally showed him Mrs. Dawson's letter of capitulation. There were necessarily some gaps in my story, for I was still ignorant of—in fact, I do not even now know the actual cause of Louisa's suddenly leaving the North for London; it was evidently something she was ashamed to speak of even to me, whom she loved and trusted.

Doctor Grahame read Mrs. Dawson's letter twice, frowning as he did so.

"How that woman hates her own child!" he exclaimed.

"What can be the cause of such an unnatural feeling in a mother, Doctor Grahame?"

"Jealousy, plainly enough."

"Jealousy? But of whom should she be jealous?"

"Ah, that I cannot say! But I suspect also that Louisa—there was a peculiar tenderness in the way in which he spoke her name—has accidentally discovered some secret of her mother's; if so, she is too honorable and too forgiving ever to divulge it. Mrs. Dawson is the vainest woman alive, and I have found out that a vain woman is always cruel."

"She is," I agreed. "I have always found it so. But, Doctor Grahame, do you really love this dear girl?"

"As my own soul!"

"And you mean to woo and win her?"

"I mean to woo her. I am not presumptuous enough to feel sure of winning her. If I had known her only as the co-heiress of her family's fortune, rich and happy in her home-affections, I should have learned to rule my own spirit, and never have revealed my love. But, assured as I am that she is hated by her unnatural mother, I shall not hesitate for a moment in at least trying to secure the dear girl's happiness, along with my own. She will die if she remains where she is."

"Do you return to the North, Doctor Grahame?"

"Not to remain there. I have sold my practice. I have the chance of an appointment to India."

"And may I know your plans?"

"I would freely tell you all, dear madam, only I don't want to involve you in the blame that will fall upon me for any measures that I may find it expedient to take. And now I must say farewell. May Heaven bless and reward you for all the kindness you have shown to my dear Louisa!"

"You will be prudent, Doctor Grahame?"

"I will act cautiously. I think you trust me!" And he looked straight into my face with eyes as true and honest as I ever saw in my life.

I have said that a friend of mine kept a watch over poor Louisa. From her I learned that she drove out daily; she

had been seen at a ball, at a concert, but never with her mother, who evidently feared the comparison that would be drawn between them.

She was chaperoned by a very severe-looking elderly lady. Report said that Mrs. Dawson's eldest daughter was to be married before long to the next heir to Mr. Dawson's estate, which was strictly entailed in the male line. Louisa was said to look very ill and harassed.

Then a telegram reached me:

"The young person has eloped. I demand her at your hands. You are entirely responsible. She must now take the consequences. Doctor Fortinbras will be at your house early to-morrow morning, empowered to act for me."

My reply was:

"I have nothing to do with the matter. I shall not receive Doctor Fortinbras, and must request that all communication with me will now cease."

Strange to say I had no uneasiness about Louisa, but felt quite trustful and satisfied.

The next morning Doctor Fortinbras called. I declined to see him. He forced his way in however. A very forbidding-looking man awaited him on the box of his carriage; I saw him distinctly from a window.

"Madam, I desire to see Miss Dawson. I have the authority to act for her family."

"Sir, you have taken an unwarrantable liberty in forcing your presence upon me. I request you to leave my house directly."

"Not till you tell me where that worthless girl is."

"If by 'worthless girl' you mean the innocent persecuted young creature Miss Dawson, I not only do not know where she is but I would not tell you if I did know!"

"Do you know who I am, madam?"

"Perfectly. You are an experienced famous mad-doctor, known as Fabricus Fortinbras to the world at large; a whitened sepulchre to those who know you thoroughly, and to your own conscience, if you have one, a false-hearted cowardly sneak!"

"Do you dare, madame—"

"Yes—I always dare to speak the truth. Will you leave me, sir?"

"No, I will not till I get an answer! Where is that girl?"

"You had better try to find her!" and I walked out of the room and into another, in which I looked myself to prevent his following me, which he really attempted to do.

He took the liberty of searching the whole house. I heard him for a long time tramping from room to room, talking in a fierce loud voice. At last I had the inexpressible pleasure of hearing him shut the front door, and I saw the face of Doctor Fortinbras no more.

That very evening I received a letter, which I may describe as the conclusion of Louisa's strange history.

"Dear Mrs. Forrester—I write this actually on board the steamer which is conveying my dearly-beloved wife and myself on our way to India. I would not tell you my plans, in order to avoid implicating you in my doings, which I acknowledge to be high-handed and even illegal, but, Heaven knows, unavoidable."

"I would have waited for my dear Louisa till she came of age and had a right to dispose of her hand had I not believed that her health would be quite undermined, her very life lost perhaps by the unnatural cruel existence which she has been leading."

"When I left you that day I immediately went North, and put up at an hotel not far from the Hall. I kept out of sight, and watched as best I could to get a glimpse of the dear girl."

"I waited some days in vain, waited early and late. At last one morning, about seven o'clock, I saw her walking in the grounds and casting longing eyes at the gate, as a prisoned bird might gaze through the bars of its cage even were they gilded. She bore so distressed a look that my resolution was strengthened."

I first made sure that no one was in sight, then ventured to approach. She saw me, made an impetuous movement forward, then drew back timidly. I was encouraged by the expression in her sweet face to speak.

"Miss Dawson, pray let me speak with you!"

"She came forward slowly, with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes. I opened the gate and stepped into a shrubbery, whither she followed me. I made a strong effort not to speak abruptly and

thus alarm her. Still, time was too precious to spend in preliminaries. I took her hand, and she let me retain it, while I spoke.

"Poor child, you want a friend!"

"Heaven knows I do!" she exclaimed.

"I have but one in the world—Mrs. Forrester—and she can do nothing for me till I am twenty-one—even if I live so long." She then sobbed as if her heart would break.

"But I can do something," I answered.

"You can. But will you? Will you, Doctor Grahame?"

"Of course I will, only you must trust me. Can you do that?"

"I trust you wholly, utterly," she answered. "I cannot speak ill of my own people, but I am very miserable and unhappy; and now they want to make me—marry—one whom I can neither honor nor love."

"You say you trust me, Louisa. Do you trust me enough to come away with me?"

"I would go with you to the ends of the earth," she answered, in a low voice.

I paused to scan her face before I asked:

"As my wife?"

She put her hand in mine, but she could not speak.

"Then come at once, dear one—come just as you are, leaving all your woman's gear behind you!"

"She had no covering on her head but her lovely golden hair, no mantle around her. Hand in hand we walked through the gate and entered a conveyance which I had kept close at hand, and in which I had deposited a hat and veil and a light cloak in case they should be wanted."

"We drove immediately to a railway station, took tickets for a small town farther North instead of towards London. There, in less than two hours after our meeting, we were married, I having taken care to come provided with a license. We waited two days, then proceeded by rather a circuitous route to Southampton; and now we are on our way to Bombay."

"In a couple of years we shall, with Heaven's blessing, return to ask for yours."

"Yours very faithfully and gratefully,
FERGUS GRAHAME."

The following postscript was added by Louisa:

"After writing this I am sure you will think me right to have trusted my noble Fergus. I am sure, too, that you will not wait two years to give us your blessing, but that you will send it to us at once in a letter to Bombay, Poste Restante. I am so happy, so very happy! The pilot takes this on shore. Heaven bless you, darling auntie, pray your grateful and loving
LULU."

Mrs. Dawson never forgave her daughter, and Louisa never repented.

Not Hanged.

BY K. O.

AMONG the many other brilliant things undertaken by me was the fun of preparing for the Civil Service examination—not that I intended to give the Government the benefit of my valuable services, but I thought it would be a good pastime to go through with the much-spoken-of examination, and then decline the appointment—in India, let us say.

Doctor Gregory's establishment was then, and is still, the best reputed one for such a purpose. I went there, and was allotted a room at the back of the house.

From the window projected a ledge which brought an outhouse below within a jumping distance that might not be called extra-hazardous. The possibilities of such a convenience for violating the rules of the establishment struck me at once.

"Charming arrangement, is it not?" asked a voice near me, as I was looking out of the window.

I turned to the speaker, who had entered the room without knocking.

"Yes," I said, "it is a most charming arrangement—for what, may I ask?"

"Oh, for nocturnal surreptitious visits to Brighton," he answered—"at least, I find it so."

"You find it so?" I questioned.

"Yes. You do not labor under the hallucination that this domain is yours exclusively? I am your room-mate. My name is 'Dollwain,' better known as 'Dolly.' Yours is 'Garfield,' you'll soon be 'Garry.' Glad to know you, Garry—shake!"

"Pleased to make your acquaintance,

Dolly," I said, clasping his extended hand.

Whether Dolly led me into the scrape I am about to relate, or whether I was his cicerone, does not matter.

Thenceforth, when the other inmates of the institution were asleep, Dolly and I climbed out of our window, leaped upon the shed below, got our bicycles and rode to Brighton, enjoying as much liberty as if the dictionary of our college contained no such word as "Rules."

In one of our afternoon rambles Dolly and I made a delightful discovery. A villa previously unoccupied had been rented by a pretty young widow, who had brought with her two younger, but I will not say prettier, sisters whose education was to be finished here.

Of course we strolled by the house daily and did our best to attract the attention of the fair occupants; but they would not be attracted. True, we might have waited for an opportunity to make their acquaintance, but we were not of the waiting kind.

We soon observed that the ladies frequently went out for a row in the bay. There was our chance. We conceived the brilliant idea of following them some day, upsetting our boat, and letting the ladies save our lives.

The plan succeeded admirably. They fished us out of the water in which we floundered; and of course we called upon them the next day to assure them of our undying gratitude. How they laughed, months later, when we confessed that we were both good swimmers.

"Good enough to swim into our acquaintance—eh?" said Chitty.

I had soon compelled Mrs. Chebrough to accept this pseudonym. Dolly had set his heart upon Miss Lillian Morse, Mrs. Chebrough's sister.

Naturally we felt it incumbent upon us to provide Nellie, the youngest of the ladies, with a gallant too; otherwise she might have felt in the way when we called, which was not infrequently.

For this office we selected Murray, a splendid fellow, whose side did not interfere with his enjoyment of a lark of any kind. He differed from us however in his attention to his studies; he was always punctual too at breakfast, while Dolly and I never appeared before eleven.

On a memorable Sunday afternoon we three were at Mrs. Chebrough's.

It was well known how time flies in such circumstances. Suddenly we heard the college bell ringing for evening service.

"Must you go?" asked Chitty. "It is a shame! I have such a nice little supper prepared for you."

"We will return," I told Chitty; "just have the supper kept warm."

"But how about Mr. Murray?" she asked. "You and Dolly can get out easily—"

"Leave that to me, Chitty," I said; "Nellie shall not be left without a companion."

We went to service, and took the opportunity to tell the fellows who lived in the front part of the house that we wanted to get Murray out after bed-hours.

Of course they were pleased to assist in anything that would be a violation of the rules, particularly when no punishment could be visited upon them therefor.

At nine o'clock Dolly and I stood before Murray's window, which was fully twenty feet above us. To within eight feet of the ground a stout arbor offered the only impediment to a direct jump.

Murray sat on the window-ledge. The light in his room showed an assemblage of young gentlemen eager to assist him in his descent. To make it an easy one, they had taken the old ropes and cords from their boxes and had tied them about Murray in the most ridiculous fashion.

In the midst of the discussion Murray slipped from his perch, the old ropes held by his comrades parted, and he struck upon the arbor, and, cannoning, fell to the ground at our feet. To our surprise, he was hardly bruised; nor was the arbor damaged.

A short time afterwards there was a very jolly little supper party at Mrs. Chebrough's. The meal over, we proceeded to have a game at "segregation." You do not know the delightful game. I am sorry for you.

We played it thus. Dolly expressed much concern in respect of the asparagus or the rhododendrons in the garden. Of course Lillian took him to see the vegetables or flowers.

That pair disposed of, I manifested deep interest in a book I had seen in the drawing-room. Chitty conducted me thither. Thus two pairs were satisfactorily segregated. That is the game.

Arrived in the drawing-room, of course

neither Chitty nor I remembered the book. She sat at my side on the sofa. By some accident my arm had dropped from the back of that article of furniture to near her waist, and I was wondering if I could summon courage enough to imprint a vigorous kiss upon her pouting lips, when we heard Nellie scream.

She rushed into the drawing-room, her face pale with fright.

"Oh, Chitty—oh, Mr. Garfield!" she cried.

"What is it? What is the matter?" we asked in alarm.

"Oh, come quickly; Mr. Murray is dying!"

We found the poor fellow on the lounge in the dining-room. The gray hue of death was on his face; his features were drawn in agony. He was pulseless, and the little mirror that was placed before his lips showed not a breath of discoloration.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Lillian, who had come in with Dolly.

Murray was dead, undoubtedly dead. We remembered that he had often complained of trouble with his heart. The fall from the window might have brought about the catastrophe.

But, much as we had liked poor Murray, we had to resolve at once how to dispose of his body. It would never do to make public his death in that house; unjust but none the less severe censure would fall upon the ladies. Their fright and grief may be easily imagined.

"What is to be done?" I said.

"Let us bury him in the garden," suggested Dolly.

"What," I exclaimed—"and have the poor girl live in dread of his ghost?"

"Well, then," Dolly continued, "we will take him out in a boat and drop him into the bay. In due time the body will rise, be found, and then it will be thought that he committed suicide."

Seeing that no sensible advice could be obtained from Dolly or the weeping girls, I resolved that I would assume an authoritative attitude, and did so by deciding that we should take poor Murray's body back to his room, put it in his bed, and, as best we might, give him the appearance of having died in his sleep. I bade Chitty watch through one of the blinds until the policeman went by.

From similar observation before, we knew he would not return within half an hour.

"He has gone," whispered Chitty. "Do be careful!" she added.

Dolly took poor Murray's legs, I grasped his shoulders. The girls wrung their hands as we carried him out. His arms hung down limply and struck against me each step I took.

As we passed the portico of the front door, the moon shone out suddenly from the clouds and cast its yellow light upon the ashen face of the dead man. The mouth was open, the eyes were half closed. I could not carry him thus.

"Stop!" I said to Dolly. "Nellie, get his hat, and cover his face with it."

The girl obeyed; and then we started through the street with our ghastly burden. It grew heavier and heavier at each step.

"Oh, Garry," said Dolly at last, "this is too terrible; I cannot—"

"Keep still!" I commanded, not by any means feeling the confidence I endeavored to inspire.

On we trudged. Half the distance traversed, we found ourselves at the side of a long wall. Suddenly we heard a heavy tread.

"By Jove," exclaimed Dolly, dropping Murray's legs, "somebody is coming!"

"Here—look sharp," I again commanded; "help me to put him against the wall!"

We raised the poor fellow and placed him against the wall, and had just put his hat upon his head when a farmer of the neighborhood passed.

"Ah, young gentlemen," he said, recognizing us, "out on a lark—eh?"

"Yes," I answered, affecting a jovial tone; "and our friend here has rather a full cargo."

"Shall I help you to carry him home?" asked the farmer. "I did none of this spreeing when I was a young man, and I fancy I am as strong as—"

"No, thank you," I answered; "we can manage him all right."

"Very well, then, young gentlemen," and the farmer laughed. "I hope his head won't be too bad in the mornin'. Good night!"

"I say, farmer," I called to him, as he was tramping off, "you will not split on us, will you?"

"Never fear, young gentlemen," he replied; "I won't split."

When the sound of his footsteps had died away, we resumed our uncanny

journey. It seemed ages before we reached the college wall. There we rested again.

"I say, Dolly," I observed, "if we carry him to the front gate, we shall probably be seen. The thick elms on this side will shelter us nearly to the front door. We will get him there first, and then see to taking him into the house."

"Over the wall to the elms?" said Dolly. "It is quite seven feet high!"

"No matter. Here—you get on to my shoulders and lie on the wall, your legs to the inside, your arms down to me. Between us, you pulling, I lifting, we will get him on to the fence; then you balance him there until I climb up."

This accomplished, I endeavored to bring the proceedings to a close. But, as I strove to climb up by the aid of Dolly, he, while assisting me, allowed the corpse to slip. It fell headlong with a terrible crash on to the gravelled walk on the inside of the wall.

In a trice we were beside the poor fellow and turned him on to his back. The fall had badly bruised his face and forehead; I felt sure that his skull was fractured.

We waited for some minutes, which seemed hours, feeling sure that the noise had awakened all in the house. But at last, hearing nothing, we picked up Murray and proceeded. Finally we reached the front door. It was locked.

"Throw pebbles at the upper windows," Dolly whispered, "and wake some of the boys."

Before resolving upon this hazardous scheme, I tried to raise a window near the door, and at once invoked a blessing upon the careless servant who had neglected to fasten it. Dolly and I removed our shoes and soon had taken Murray into the house through the window.

Encouraged by our success so far, we started on the remaining and most perilous part of the journey—for to reach Murray's room we should have to pass Doctor Gregory's apartments.

Dolly went ahead, as before. His first step upon the stairs filled us both with dismay. They creaked horribly. Dolly stopped.

"Go on!" I hissed.

Slowly, setting our feet down carefully, we climbed the stairs, expecting every moment to be heard. Panting and perspiring, we reached Murray's room. The moon sent its rays brightly in at the window to assist us in our last task.

Quickly we undressed Murray and put him into his bed. To give color to the impression that he had died there, we drew his head a little forward, so that it hung out of the side of the bed, doubled one arm on his chest, and disarranged the coverings to simulate the appearance of a death struggle.

Then we threw his garments about, as he would have done when hastily disrobing. We did not forget to wash our hands in his basin to complete the natural appearance of things.

Then we slipped from the room, down the stairs, and out of the same window by which we had entered. This we closed after us, and then returned to our room.

As may be imagined, we did not sleep. Our night was spent in discussing what course we should pursue. We considered everything—from going abroad to making a clean breast of the whole affair; but, when the breakfast bell rang, we resolved simply to await the discovery of Murray's death and join the others in bewailing the loss of our friend.

"Why, Mr. Garfield," exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, as I entered the breakfast-room, "so early! And you too, Mr. Doll-wain! This is unusual. I hope it means that you are going to emulate Mr. Murray's punctuality!"

Dolly sank into the chair opposite to mine.

"Yes," I answered lightly, "Mr. Murray is an early bird; but, if the worm were not earlier, he might save his life."

I glanced furtively at Dolly. He looked ghastly.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Gregory, "why Mr. Murray has not yet appeared? I hope he is not ill."

"Well," I ventured, as the thought of leading up to the possibility flashed upon me, "he has been complaining recently. I think he is working too hard; and recently too he has often spoken of pains in the region of his heart."

"He shall not be obliged to eat cold toast," good Mrs. Gregory said; "I am sure he would be punctual if he could." With that she ordered the maid to have some toast kept hot for Murray. "That is more than I would do for you, Mr. Garfield!" she added humorously.

"Ah me!"—I endeavored to smile—"Murray is a lucky fellow! He captivates all the ladies, including—"

A choking sound on the opposite side of the table arrested my speech. It came from Dolly. His eyes were dilated, his face was of a greenish hue, terror was expressed in every lineament. My eyes followed the direction of his. The half-opened door revealed Murray's ghost.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Murray! I hope you are not ill?" said Mrs. Gregory.

"I am not very well," answered the wraith slowly; "or, at least, I had a very disagreeable dream about a fall of some kind, and, on waking, I found that somehow I must have struck my head. It is dreadfully bruised. Why," he exclaimed suddenly, looking across the table, "what is the matter with Dolly?"

The poor fellow had fainted.

When we told Murray of the terrible we had suffered on his account, he explained that twice before he had had cataplectic seizures.

You ask what this has to do with the fact of my not being hanged. If Murray had been really dead and Dolly and I had been found with him, would not the circumstantial evidence have sufficed to hang us? I am much obliged to Murray for being considerate enough not to die then.

What became of the ladies? Lillian is Mrs. Dollwain, Nellie is Mrs. Murray, and Chitty—well, Chitty thus far has refused to become Mrs. Garfield. She may change her mind however, and, when she does, I shall inform you.

WITH SURPRISING RESULTS.—The reports in some papers as to the competitors in a recent whole-week cycle race going insane must, of course, be taken as exaggeration.

But such terribly trying competitions do, undoubtedly, have a severe effect on the riders, not so much from the mere physical exertion as from the want of sleep and the appalling monotony of staring day after day at the boards flying away below your wheel.

Not infrequently, however, in long-distance competitions, riders finish in a condition that can hardly be described as sober.

All through the race stimulants in any shape or form are rigorously tabooed, but nearing the finish, it is a very usual practice to administer copious draughts of wine or spirits to "keep the man going." For put additional life into him. This requires very careful management.

Given a few minutes too soon, it lost an important race to one well-known man this season. The effects of the brandy and water he had imbibed wore off, and another rider overhauled him ere the tape was reached.

At a popular ground a funny scene was witnessed not long since after a twelve-hours' race. The winner had been very liberally supplied with champagne during the last hour or so, as, though a long distance ahead, he showed signs of stopping altogether.

Supported by two companions, he insisted on bowing his thanks to the crowd. Then, to the horror of his friends, he avowed his intention of making a speech. Amidst the roars of laughter he announced that only that very morning his aunt, with whom he lodged, had declared that he could never win.

And yet, here he had ridden faster than any human being had ever ridden before—"fast as a train, in fact." He wasn't very good at making a speech because he was giddy from going round and round so long.

But he would have told them a lot more only they kept moving about so funny. "I'm sorry to say so," he concluded amidst a perfect storm of merriment, "but I believe some of you are drunk!"

TRY IT YOURSELF.—Here is a little poser that is at present "taking in" not a few people.

A gentleman stood upon his breakfast table two champagne glasses, and in each he placed an egg that had been intended for his morning meal.

He had not bought the eggs, he had not stolen them, he did not himself keep hens, and the eggs had been neither lent nor given to him. How, then, did he get the eggs to put into the two wine glasses?

Careful study of the question is of little assistance in finding the rightful reply, the correct answer to the puzzle being that the gentleman in question kept ducks.

This is closely akin to the old riddle—"A blind beggar had a brother, and the brother died. What relation was the blind beggar to the brother that died?" Most people answer at once, "Brother, of course;" but the proper solution is "Sister."

Bric-a-Brac.

A WOMAN'S AGE.—A Japanese woman has no chance of concealing her age or that she is getting on in years, for custom, which apparently is regarded as a social rule to be strictly followed, requires her, after her twenty-fifth year, to abandon the bright apparel which suited her so well, and to don a less becoming garb of sombre hue.

SHIPS.—French ships usually bear the names of French provinces or towns, or of abstract ideas, but no personal names, except those of great men of French history. German ships bear the names of German rivers, poets, princes, statesmen, and characters in German literature. Spanish ships, like those flying the Stars and Stripes, are almost invariably named after cities or the great commanders of history.

MUSICAL MICE.—That mice and rats have a fondness for music is well known, and an eminent musician tells of his experience. He declares that while he was playing one evening, three mice came out and began to caper about on the hearthrug, apparently delighted at the music. Upon the entrance of the musician's wife two mice ran off, but the third was so absorbed that it had to be driven away.

THEY HAD THEIR POSTERS.—It is probably the general impression that posters and handbills are modern inventions, but it has been discovered that the ancient Romans practiced this method of advertising. In digging at Herculaneum, there was brought to light a pillar covered with bills, one on top of another. The paste used to stick them was made of gum arabic. The bills, when separated and examined, were found to be programmes and announcements of public meetings and even election proclamations.

THE CARYATIDE.—It was so called by the Greeks. It is a figure brought into use by Praxiteles, the sculptor, to gratify the revengeful hate of the Greeks against Carys, a city in Arcadia. After the famous battle of Thermopylae this city sided with the Persians against the Greeks. The Greeks were victorious, and in their fury against Carys they burned the city, then the men made the women slaves. To perpetuate the disgrace a new figure was brought into architecture. Instead of a pillar, a female statue upheld entablatures.

TENACITY OF LIFE.—To go about the usual affairs of its daily existence minus a head, would appear to be a rather unsatisfactory business, but this is precisely what certain insects seem capable of doing. Experiments have been made with common house flies, with the curious result that thirty-six hours after decapitation the bodies were seemingly as lively as ever. The bodies of butterflies have lived eighteen days after the heads were cut off. On the other hand, the heads soon lose all signs of vitality, rarely showing any indications of consciousness after six hours. Whether the spinal cord and column do not extend above the shoulders of these insects, or whether there is some error in the theory that the severance of the spinal chord is fatal, would seem to be debatable ground. There are fishes that have a peculiar tenacity to life. If the head of the common fresh-water catfish or bull head is cut off immediately after the creature is taken from the water, its heart will be found to beat for some time.

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The Ladies' Home Journal

Philadelphia

WHEN THE YEAR IS NEW.

BY J. F.

Hearts with sorrow shrouded,
Homes with shadows crowded,
Skies with darkness clouded,
Hiding all the blue,
Drop their veils of sadness,
Emerging from their madness
To light and love and gladness,
When the year is new.

Of the past repenting,
Of their crimes relenting,
Eagerly consenting
Errors to undo;
Souls once bent on sinning
Nobler heights are winning,
Grand reforms beginning
When the year is new.

Many wrongs are righted,
Many troths are plighted,
Loved ones reunited
In a bondage true;
Doubts that made us falter,
And with conscience palter,
Vanish from Love's altar
When the year is new.

While the world is turning,
While the lights are burning,
And our hearts are yearning
For the good and true,
We may make advances,
Spite of circumstances;
And a noble chance is
When the year is new.

Susan Bush.

BY K. E. V.

"HAVE you cleaned the scullery window, Susan?"
"No'm, sun was on it," Susan answered cheerfully.

"And the rain was on it yesterday. It's a good thing you can always find an excuse for neglecting your work."

"I'm going to do it presently, 'm."

"No you always are; the truth is, you are lazy and don't mean to do it; but I will have it done to-day. I can't stand such shiftless ways; putting off what ought to be done; and mind, Susan, those things that I gave you on Monday are to be washed this morning," the speaker's last words were spoken as she ascended the stairs.

The sun was still on the scullery window, but the brightness had all gone out of Susan's face; she stood in the midst of the kitchen with a very sullen look, and then moved about her work without any of the briskness with which she had done it before.

"Susan," called a sharp voice from above, "bring your dust-pan and come here at once!"

Susan caught up the wished-for article, and went upstairs to find her mistress standing by the turned-up hall mat looking at a little heap of dust.

"To think that my house should get into such a state; no, don't take it up that way, you only make it worse, give me the brush and I'll do it myself."

Five minutes later Susan went back to the kitchen, her face was flushed, and tears smarted under her eyelids.

Her mistress had not listened to her protestations of having done the hall only that morning; it never was any use to take special pains, nothing ever pleased Miss Pritchard, who, being soured and disappointed herself, made the life of her maid-of-all-work a burden, and did not scruple to taunt her with her workhouse upbringing.

It was the workhouse upbringing that kept Susan in her situation. Though she had been well taught in some ways, she had necessarily grown up surprisingly ignorant of many common household matters; she had made few friends; indeed, Miss Pritchard would not give her opportunities of making them, and had selected a workhouse girl because she would be less likely to want many holidays.

And Susan had a morbid shrinking from people knowing where her early life had been spent; her very name of Bush she felt would betray her, since it was given her because, as a nameless walt, she was found hidden under a bush on a common.

She had been confirmed before she left the workhouse, but the chaplain had taken no particular notice of her; she seemed one of those colorless beings who pass through life without much praise or blame, and she would not think of appealing for help or counsel to any of those who had framed her old life.

Miss Pritchard saw that she went to church, but the outside religion of the mistress was not such as would commend itself to the maid.

So Susan read what books and papers she got hold of, and lived in the loves of

Lord Algernons and Lady Ediths, and, shut into herself, was quite ignorant of the really beautiful lives which many servants lead.

Her life stretched on before her as a dreary waste of drudgery, and if now and then she sometimes fancied herself to be the long-lost daughter of an earl the fancy was too vague and unsubstantial to give her any solid comfort.

"Susan, do see if you can't hurry yourself," Miss Pritchard said one Monday morning after the postman had been. "I have visitors coming to spend the day, and things must be nice for them. I will send in a couple of fowls, and mind you don't spoil them as you did the last."

Susan rather liked visitors, for though Miss Pritchard's were generally of a dull and uninteresting character, still the excitement they caused was enlivening, and Susan did not grudge the extra work they involved if it gave any kind of satisfaction.

This morning she was able to get on quickly, for Miss Pritchard was busy in the bedrooms after she had ordered what was needed; there was not much to prepare besides vegetables, for the fowls came in ready for cooking, and some pastry was ordered. Linton was not a very primitive place after all, since it had such resources.

At half past twelve Susan was dressed in her neat black afternoon gown, and had begun to lay the table for dinner. Miss Pritchard kept the old-fashioned hours, and since she had not come down from changing her dress, Susan was able to get on without interruption.

The glasses were polished brightly, cruet stands and salt cellars filled; but it was the silver in the balise-lined box over which Susan lingered almost lovingly.

The forks and spoons with the queer-twisted letters on them were a never-failing source of pleasure to her. Miss Pritchard kept them locked in her wardrobe, and only gave them out with many threats and injunctions.

A loud double-knock startled Susan as she was rubbing a tiny spot off one of the dessert spoons, and she laid down her leather and answered the door at once. A gray-haired kindly-looking clergyman stood there with a lady who was less gray but quite as kindly-looking as himself.

They were not the sort of visitors Susan had expected, and she showed them into the drawingroom and went to tell her mistress, wondering how it was that they bore the same name; she discovered from their conversation, while she was waiting at table, that Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard were cousins.

The fowls were done beautifully, and though the potatoes were rather overdone, the dinner, as a whole, was a success, and Susan felt it was quite a pleasure to wait on people who smiled and thanked her as Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard did.

They were going away by the eight o'clock train, but Miss Pritchard asked them if they could not give her a few days before they went back to South Wales, and they almost promised that they would.

"I'd like to have them come," Susan said to herself, as she cleared away the dinner things; "they speak so nice; but then they don't know where I've come from. If they came to stay, she'd be sure to tell them, then they'd be different. Why, they're all going out!"

"Susan," said Miss Pritchard at the door, "have tea quite ready at half-past five, and be sure you take care of the silver."

"Yes'm," Susan answered. She saw them go, then went into the kitchen, where with a big coarse apron over her white one, she got on briskly with her clearing up. Miss Pritchard always called her slow, but it was the constant interference which worried and hindered her.

She had nearly finished when she heard the clatter of milk pails at the side door. The milk was generally brought by a dull heavy lad who served her in silence, but to-day his place was filled by a very smart-looking young man with a heavy moustache and military bearing, who handled the milk cans rather awkwardly, and seemed, Susan thought directly, far above such an occupation.

"Fine afternoon, miss, and how much will you take?"

Susan told him, and then ventured a timid question on her own account: "Are you come to help at Mr. Little's?"

"Pro tem., only pro tem.," he answered grandly, "that is to say temporarily. Good afternoon, miss, I won't forget to shut the gate."

"He looks like a lord in disguise," Susan thought, as she carried in the milk. "Lord Augustus, in A Fox till Death, had to hide himself from his wicked uncle; perhaps he has an uncle who persecutes him. I hope he'll come again, and I do hope he won't find out where I came from."

The smart milkman did come again, and to Susan's delight did not seem to have any knowledge of her workhouse life.

If Miss Pritchard was not at hand he generally managed to get a little talk with the maid; once he presented her with a couple of roses, and foolish Susan wrapped some of their withered leaves in a bit of pink paper and put them in her work-box.

One evening Susan had to go with a message to the laundress, who lived at some distance. It was a dark, gloomy night with few people about, and her heart gave a great throb of pleasure at seeing the milkman come up a cross-road.

He looked so smart and aristocratic in her eyes that she feared he would not care to notice her; she had on her shabbiest hat, and had forgotten her gloves. However, he saw her and came towards her, lifting his hat.

"It is not often I have the pleasure of meeting you, miss; the old lady doesn't care to give you much time, does she?"

"No, but I don't mind; I don't know many people here."

"Ah, miss, one yearns for a kindred spirit; often my heart has ached for one to know of my sorrow and—and all. Let us be friends."

"But I don't even know your name," faltered poor Susan, her heart throbbing wildly.

"I am known as Rupert Russel," he said, and even in her tumult Susan noticed that he did not say it was his name; her conscience was goading her to tell her own small history, but he went on talking about himself, and though presently he asked her name he only gave her time to falter it out timidly without any explanations.

Were they really engaged? Susan often asked herself in the days that followed; he spoke as if they were, and once or twice gave her little presents, but never a ring.

Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard were coming back in a few days, and Susan had to go out often for her mistress, when she generally met Mr. Russel and had a little talk with him.

No hint of their intercourse reached Miss Pritchard, which was rather curious, only that the young man took particular pains not to draw notice on himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard stayed nearly a week, and Susan quite enjoyed their visit; they were very busy, for rather suddenly Mr. Pritchard's plans had been altered, and he was going to take charge of a parish near London, so they had many arrangements to make, and Susan did not see much of them though they always had kind words and looks for her.

The evening before they went away Susan was surprised by Mrs. Pritchard's coming into the kitchen, the others had gone out together.

"I shall not have much time to-morrow," she said pleasantly, "so I thought I would bid you good-bye now and give you this." She held out a beautifully bound prayer and hymn book. "See, I got my husband to write your name in it."

Mr. Pritchard had written Susan's name, the date, and underneath had put, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"I thought you had not too many friends," Mrs. Pritchard said gently, "but I hope you have the best of all, you know, Susan. He will never fail you."

Susan looked up with tears in her eyes and tried to speak her thanks, her voice failed her more than once, and her last effort ended in a great sob.

"There, there," said Mrs. Pritchard patting her shoulder, "you need not think so much of it, my poor girl, I am sure you have worked hard during our stay here."

"But," sobbed Susan, "I didn't think you would care, as I am only a workhouse girl, and there's nobody belonging to me."

"That isn't your fault," said Mrs. Pritchard with common-sense briskness. "You need not be ashamed of that if you try to do right, only—and that was one thing I meant to say to you to-night—your earthly life has left you rather lonely and friendless. I should like you to feel that my husband and I are your friends, and that if you are in any trouble

you may look to us to help you if possible; will you remember that?"

"Yes, ma'am, and thank you very much," Susan said; then they heard Miss Pritchard's key in the door, and Mrs. Pritchard went upstairs.

They went away after an early breakfast next morning, and as Susan turned indoors after watching their cab away she felt quite low-spirited, though their parting hand-shake had left a warm feeling in her heart.

In the days that followed, Miss Pritchard was more exacting than ever, perhaps she thought her cousins had made too much of Susan; at any rate she did not care in the same way, and if it had not been for Rupert Russel's daily calls the poor girl would have found her life almost unbearable.

Rupert found time to whisper a few words of sympathy even when Miss Pritchard from above was calling for Susan, but there were no more walks together, and somehow she fancied he was not very much disappointed.

One morning when she went downstairs in the dark, Susan found the dining-room window open, and a rush of cold air met her. She hastily struck a light, and a quick look round showed that someone had been there, for the sideboard doors were open, and there was a look of general disorder.

In a few minutes Miss Pritchard was down in her dressing-gown.

"Go for the police at once," she cried out, "but no, I must get my things on first; you good-for-nothing girl, if only you had been down at six, as I told you, the thieves would have had less time, it is almost seven now."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! all the silver is gone from the drawers, all my mother's silver that she used to value so, to think that it should have been left here."

While her visitors were with her, Miss Pritchard had departed from her usual custom and had kept the silver in the sideboard, the key of which she had taken upstairs with her.

Susan was frightened and unhappy, she quite longed for a word of sympathy from Rupert, and hoped he would come while her mistress was upstairs. She soon heard the gate, and hastened to the door with her jug, but only to be disappointed, for instead of Rupert a small boy stood there, a boy she remembered having seen out with one of the milk carts.

"Where's Mr. Russel?" she asked.

"Cut," the boy answered laconically, "but, my eye, you do look scared; anything up?"

Susan got rid of him and went indoors with a fresh burden at her heart; what if it should be really true, and Rupert be gone? But she had no time to think much; Miss Pritchard came down and hurried off for the police, and afterwards there was a whirl of questions, and policemen were tramping all over the house, while Miss Pritchard kept discovering fresh losses.

The burglary had been cleverly effected and it seemed to have been done by someone who knew the silver was not kept in its usual place. Susan was sharply questioned, feeling dazed and hardly knowing what they said, till suddenly she found out that Rupert Russel was suspected, and that the police were on his track.

"No, no, I'm sure he'd never do it," she cried wildly, thereby drawing on herself fresh questions till she was obliged to admit her friendship with him.

"And I suppose he came in and sat with you sometimes at an evening?" said a shrewd-looking sergeant, while Miss Pritchard glared at her servant speechless with indignation.

"No, that he never did; he never stepped inside the door," Susan protested. "He was as honest as honest, and he said we oughtn't to keep such nice silver downstairs, it would be taken some day, and now his words have come true."

"They have," said the sergeant quietly with a glance at his companions, "so he admired the silver?"

"Yes, he saw me cleaning it once at the kitchen window," Susan said, eager to defend Rupert, "and he said it was beautiful and we ought to take care of it."

"Lock her up," cried Miss Pritchard white with anger, "lock her up, the wicked girl."

Susan shrank back horrified and trembling, but the sergeant saw that though her foolishness had been the means of letting the whereabouts of the silver be known she had evidently intended no harm; he shook his head. "No, ma'am, I see no reason for doing that."

"No reason?" almost screamed Miss Pritchard, "then out of my house you go this minute, you wicked girl, but I might have known what to expect when I took you from the workhouse."

The sergeant managed to get the angry woman aside and talk to her a little, then he came back and spoke to the frightened girl.

"You're to stay on for the present, and mind you," he added, warmly, "you're not to get up to any tricks and try to go off; one of my men will keep an eye on you."

Then followed a most miserable time for Susan; she was watched about by her mistress, who never allowed her to go out, and even made her put her bed in the little dressing-room opening from her own bedroom.

And all the time hanging over her was the dreadful doubt as to whether she would be arrested. She hoped Rupert would not be taken, though he had served her so badly, only pretending to care for her that he might make a tool of her, yet still she felt some affection for him.

People who called at the house looked curiously at her, and the milkboy sometimes made derisive remarks, but she had no opportunity of talking with anyone, since her mistress was always near at hand, and indeed she wanted no such opportunity, and only wished she could get into some corner, away from everybody.

"Well," Miss Pritchard said coldly one morning, "so they have caught your fine gentleman."

Susan dropped the tea-cloth she was holding, her face was white and her hands trembled. "Have they?" she faltered.

"Yes, and now you will have to appear against him and let everybody know your wickedness."

Susan looked round helplessly with some thought of making her escape, but she saw at once how futile any such effort would be. However there was quite enough evidence without hers to send Rupert Russell for trial, which was accordingly done.

Miss Pritchard was disappointed, for she was vindictive enough to regret Susan's being spared in any way, and she took care to let her know that she would be called as a witness at the November assizes which were close at hand.

At last the day of the trial came, and Susan found herself seated in the train beside her mistress who would not lose sight of her. The rest of the morning was like a bad dream from which she was roused suddenly at hearing her name called, then the place seemed full of eyes, which were all looking at her, and a strangely-dressed gentleman was asking her questions.

She answered somehow, and though one counsel browbeat and worried her he could not make her contradict herself. At last someone said "That will do," but she stood still till a policeman touched her shoulder and showed her that she might go.

Till then she had persistently kept from looking at the prisoner, but in leaving the witness-box she felt she must see him once. He was looking at her with a glance of apology, he seemed so crushed and broken that the soreness she had felt quite disappeared, and stretching her hands to him she cried out, "Oh, Mr. Russell, I'm so sorry, I couldn't help it," and was led away sobbing.

The sentence was twelve months hard labor, but they were out of court before it was pronounced. Miss Pritchard took Susan back with her, but told her plainly that it was only for a time; she did not say that she meant to keep her till she had suited herself with another servant, but that was really what she intended to do.

The girl's unhappy face would have softened most people, but Miss Pritchard could not forgive her for the loss of the beloved silver, and made her life harder than ever. Then misery made Susan bold; she packed her most valuable possessions in an old carpet bag, locked up the rest in her box which must be left behind, and bag in hand, crept out into the cold and darkness.

As the last verse of the Advent hymn, "O come, O come, Emmanuel," was being sung, Mr. Pritchard went up into the pulpit and looked at the congregation below him. It was not a large one, for it was only Wednesday evening, and generally each member of it was known to him.

To-night there was a stranger who kept in the semi-darkness at the west

end as much as possible, but Mr. Pritchard felt interested in her, and as soon as service was over went to try and find her.

She had left the church, but he went outside after her; she turned quickly and then he saw that it was Susan Bush. His kind greeting was answered by a burst of hysterical sobbing, and he thought the best thing he could do was to get her into the vicarage under his wife's care.

They had, of course, heard Miss Pritchard's version of the story, and felt a good deal of compassion for the poor girl, wondering how they might help her.

The news of her flight a fortnight ago had made them blame themselves, though they did not see what they could have done.

It was quite a new experience for Susan to be petted and made much of, and Mrs. Pritchard just fussed over her and would not let her talk. She even put her to bed in a tiny room over the front door, and told her she was to stay there next day.

No one could tell what it was to Susan to lie down in peace and comfort; she had had some bitter experiences the last few days, her money had been stolen and she had been tempted to wrong from which she had recoiled, and it was that temptation which had made her seek out Mr. Pritchard's church.

Susan had found her true friends, and though it was several weeks before she was able to feel about as usual she was made to feel thoroughly welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard had several talks about her, and when their housemaid left offered the place to their guest.

"It doesn't seem as if it could be true," sobbed Susan. "Oh, ma'am, I will be faithful, but I'd gladly serve you on my bended knees without even a farthing of wages."

Mrs. Pritchard laughed pleasantly. "That wouldn't be a very satisfactory arrangement, but I don't doubt that you will serve us faithfully."

Certainly Susan's was a service of love, her whole demeanor altered in the new changed atmosphere, and she no longer regarded her past life with false shame. She grew into a healthy, pleasant-faced young woman, a good deal noticed by some of the tradesmen who called at the door.

Mrs. Pritchard sometimes wondered why she was so unresponsive to any advances; had Rupert Russell sickened her of mankind in general, or was there another reason?

When Susan had been with them nearly two years, Mrs. Pritchard had an accident which laid her up for some time, and in the care and attention she bestowed on her mistress, Susan did her best to show her gratitude for all that had been done for her.

One Sunday evening when the others were at church, she had been reading the Psalms and lessons aloud, and afterwards sat still thinking her mistress was asleep. But Mrs. Pritchard was watching the face of her housemaid, and noticing the softened and refined look that had grown on it.

"I heard from my cousin yesterday," she said presently.

Susan started. "Did you, ma'am, I hope she is well."

"Yes, Susan, you have never been sorry that you came to us?"

"No, indeed, ma'am, thankful every day."

There was a little silence, then Mrs. Pritchard spoke again.

"Sometimes I wonder whether you ever think of the one who caused you such trouble."

The girl's face flushed.

"Rupert Russell," she said in a low voice; "yes, I can't help being so sorry for him sometimes, I don't think he wished for better things; of late I've seemed forced to think more of him, and I put him in my prayers every day; you don't think it is wrong, do you, ma'am?"

"Indeed I do not, Susan, you don't know how your prayers will help him," Mrs. Pritchard said heartily, just as her husband came in, and Susan had to go downstairs.

"Ma'am, do you remember what we were talking about last night?" Susan asked as she carried in her mistress's breakfast-tray next morning.

The girl's eyes were shining, and her whole face aglow; something had altered her greatly. "Will you please read this, ma'am—but you ought to have your breakfast first."

"No, I am in no hurry for my breakfast."

Susan held out a foreign letter which had been re-directed, "It's from Rupert Russell, ma'am," she almost sobbed.

"Rupert Russell?" repeated Mrs.

Pritchard in surprise, as she took the letter.

It was indeed from that young man who wrote from abroad, in a very manly, straightforward manner. He told Susan how sorry he was for causing her such suffering, and that in spite of all he had really cared for her all through. Since his discharge from prison, someone had procured him good work, and he sent many names of those who might be referred to as to his character.

He was regular at church, the clergyman of which, knowing his past history, allowed him to help in the choir. Now he wanted to know whether Susan's feelings had altered towards him, because if not, he could now make her a comfortable home if she would trust herself to him.

He added that he had not written before as he felt all his first money should be given in making restitution as far as lay in his power.

There was no need to ask what Susan thought about it, she was tremulous with happiness, the only drawback to it being that she must leave her dear master and mistress.

Mr. Pritchard wrote to the clergyman of the church, and received an excellent report of the young man who was considered quite a pattern to the lads about, while his past falls kept him humble and watchful. His position was even better than he had represented, and he was thoroughly respected and looked up to.

"After all, Susan, you have your little romance, you see," Mrs. Pritchard said one evening as Susan sat by her side busy with preparations for the wedding.

"A much better one than I deserve after my foolishness," Susan said with a little laugh; "but do you know, ma'am, I have thought of late how I should like to see Miss Pritchard before I go."

"I think you had better leave it," said Mrs. Pritchard kindly, remembering her cousin's bitterness, but she found an opportunity of letting her know what Susan had said, and, as a result, Miss Pritchard sent her former handmaiden a small wedding present with good wishes for her future.

Perhaps Susan would rather have had the good wishes without the present, but she did not say so, and her preparations went on all the more happily that she would leave none but friends behind her.

So Susan sailed away, not without regrets, it is true, but her heart was brave and thankful within her as she faced the new life that was not to be lived alone, and thought of the home which was to be hers, who had never before had one in the true sense of the word.

Years passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard had only good accounts of the home which became merry with young voices. Susan and Rupert are not without hope that their friends will someday pay them a visit, but meanwhile letters constantly pass between them, Susan's nearly always having a vein of surprised pleasure in her own happiness and her husband's goodness.

THE RUSSIAN CZAR

Sunday with the Czar of Russia is spent amidst surroundings so gorgeous and so regally magnificent that no pen could give anything like an adequate description.

To begin with, St. Petersburg itself is a city of no ordinary appearance, with palaces and churches which are amongst the finest in Europe.

The Winter Palace was originally built in 1702 for the Empress Elizabeth, but, being burnt down in 1837, was rebuilt in fifteen months. It is an immense building, four stories high, with a length of four hundred and fifty-five feet, and a width of three hundred and fifty feet. Some idea of the capacity of its interior may be gathered by the fact that when their Majesties are in residence, the Court, various officials of the suite, and the royal servants beneath the roof make up a total of nearly six thousand people. There are several hundreds of the most gorgeous apartments that can well be imagined, a large number of them being State saloons, while others are pretty suites, which are, and have been, set apart for the Imperial Majesties of Russia.

There are two large chapels, as well as private ones, all within the precincts of the palace. In the largest of these chapels the present Czar and Czarina attend Sunday service, generally speaking, although sometimes the Cathedral of St. Isaac may be visited by the Court.

Daily morning service is generally performed in the smaller of the two chapels,

their Majesties also being most regular in the observance of their religion at the private chapels.

All members of the Russian Greek Church are particularly devout, under no circumstances excusing themselves from the prescribed ceremonies.

The Russian churches are as richly and lavishly decorated as hands can make them; even the exteriors have golden domes, like to the Turkish mosques, and the interiors are resplendent in gold, precious stones, and rare paintings.

We will suppose ourselves present at one of the Imperial services held in the lofty gilded church within the palace.

More than ordinary is the splendor that meets the eye when looking round this church. The pictures are countless, the majority of them being literally studded with matchless jewels of countless worth.

Other treasures may be seen far too numerous to note; but I must not omit to mention the beautiful golden gates directly opposite the principal entrance. These play an important part in the ceremonies observed.

Very handsome curtains hang on their inner side. The whole of the church is richly carpeted, and groups of chairs are placed in various directions. The majority of these are elaborately carved and upholstered, and bear a name-plate on the back, it being customary for the worshippers to have their own special seats.

The Imperial group are sitting on the right of the golden gates; they, with their suites, forming a large party. With one or two exceptions, the princes and officials are in full Court or military dress, wearing their orders and decorations. These latter are even worn by the princesses!

The service commences with a deep, solemn chanting by the priests—wonderful voices these priests seem to have—and the deep monotone is more or less maintained throughout. Their appearance, with their rich robes and flowing beards, is highly picturesque.

At certain parts of the service they are heard, but not seen, the golden gates being kept rigidly closed; then again they will be thrown wide open, and one gets a glimpse of a beautiful alcove recess, or sanctuary, where the priests may be seen moving to and fro as the service proceeds. Now and again one or two of them emerge from the gates and kneel at a small table at the foot of the steps.

The choir is invisible, and instrumental music is utterly forbidden; but one does not seem to miss it to any great extent—the harmony is so fine. For a great portion of the service the congregation stand, but often they not only kneel, but almost prostrate themselves.

The sermon or address is generally rather lengthy, and I may say that some of the services last for several hours. It is customary for the Czar and Czarina to attend a shortened service each morning, and when paying any visits out of their own country, if there is a Greek church in the place, they attend worship on the first morning after their arrival, in all cases before taking part in any public ceremony.

Occasionally the Royal couple attend service at the Cathedral of St. Isaac, quite the finest public church of St. Petersburg. It stands on the site of two previous ones, one of which had been erected by Peter the Great, and the other by the Empress Catherine.

The present imposing edifice was consecrated in 1858, nearly twenty millions of dollars being spent in its construction and decoration. It is approached by three broad flights of steps and three large portals of bronze. The one hundred and twelve pillars of the four porticoes are sixty feet in height. They are all of Finland granite, weighing one hundred and twenty tons each, and having a circumference of upwards of seven feet.

Both at Peterhof and Tsarskoe Selo there are very fine private chapels, but perhaps the most beautiful of all is the one at the Kremlin, Moscow. This is known as the Church of the Annunciation, and is the one in which the Czars of all the Russias are crowned.

So rich and so gorgeous is this, no pen could picture it. Of course, it is not modern, and to present-day taste would seem barbaric rather than refined. Roof, pillars, and walls are covered with gold plate and ornamentation of bright colors, and it is a most difficult matter to find a single inch of architectural display; in fact, it has with truth been compared to the interior of an Indian temple.

Still, though gorgeous, it is all exceedingly costly, and, taking it or tiring, would be, I suppose, actually beyond value. Freecost portraits of angels, prophets, saints, and martyrs everywhere abound, most of these being inlaid with precious stones. Taking them in their sequence, one finds a complete pictorial history of the Christian faith.

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY W. C.

Farewell to the year with his frolic and gladness,
His faults and his follies, his hopes and his fears;
Farewell to his triumphs, his sins and his sadness,
Farewell to his smiles and farewell to his tears.

We welcomed him once amid wild acclamations,
When joy-bells proclaimed the New Year had begun;
And our hearts gladly beat with bright anticipations
Of sweets to be grasped and of bays to be won.

The spring hastened forward through sweet-scented bowers,
Her lap full of leaflets to strew by the way;
And the summer brought nosegays of gorgeous-hued flowers,
And spread o'er the meadows the newly-mown hay.

Fair Autumn came blithely, with smiles soft and tender,
Her tresses adorned with the golden-rod's plume.
She gown'd all the woodlands in Orient splendor,
And gave to the musk-scented cluster its bloom.

And winter with ice-fettered footsteps came bringing
Fresh chaplets of holly to crown the Old Year;
But scarce had the chiming of the Yuletide ceased ringing,
When sadly we gathered to weep o'er his bier.

What visions he brought us of noble achievements,
Of words to be conquered, of deeds to be done!
What lesson he taught us, through bitter bereavements,
Of trials to bear and of dangers to shun!

Farewell, then—farewell to the year with his gladness,
His faults and his follies, his hopes and his fears;
Farewell to his triumphs, his sins and his sadness,
Farewell to his smiles and farewell to his tears.

Aftiz Bey.

BY F. V. G.

I AFTIZ BEY, am a Turk; yet for all that, I would ask the great world not to think I am therefore a murderer and a fanatic. There are many good Turks—quiet, industrious, noble-hearted fellows—whose sole desire is to dwell in peace with their Christian brethren, to obey the laws of Mohammed, and afterwards to drink coffee at the bazaar with Greek and Armenian alike.

And I, Aftiz Bey, although the bearer of a great name, was poor, dwelling in sweet Adrianople, and knowing but little of anarchy in Crete and massacre in Armenia.

True—most sanguinary rumors came to my ears occasionally; but it was generally felt that his Majesty the Sultan was engaged in punishing the infidels on account of their rapacity and unfaithfulness—a duty which I had no doubt must have caused him great pain.

But although I was but thirty years of age, and notwithstanding the indolence in which the last five years have been spent, the blood of a warlike race flows in my veins, and the strategy I learnt at Toulon has by no means been forgotten. Consequently, when I was summoned on Easter Monday to an audience with his Majesty at Yildiz Kiosk, I went there in all haste, regardless of expense.

Here at last was my opportunity, for although occasionally indolent, I was ambitious. Yet I was sorry when ordered to proceed through Salonika with a message in cipher to Edhem Pasha.

I was only thirty—strong, clever, educated, patriotic and ambitious. A great trust had been placed in me. Mine was a mission for which many a young Turk would have given his right hand, or risked his life, for a similar proof of royal esteem, yet I was wretched.

What, then, was the cause of my wretchedness? I will tell you in a few words.

I was in love with a Greek woman, and if I succeeded in carrying out my orders, the village in which she dwelt would be suddenly attacked, as it commanded a position of great strategic value. And the chains that bound me to Hekia Etorna—Independent of love—were riveted strong as the bands of time.

Five years previous I had been sent on

a secret mission by Izet Bey into Larissa. While out at Rapsani one night taking observations by the light of the brightly shining moon, I was surrounded by a small band of Andarti (professional irregular insurgents), bound and carried into Tyrnavos.

The chief of this band of Greek patriots was Achilles Etorna; and, once in a stone hut which served as a blockhouse, I was subjected to a thorough search. The result was conclusive. Turning upon me with a grim, set smile, he said:—
"Courage, spy; thine hour has almost come. Thou diest at daybreak."

With the calmness born of despair at the thought of an ignominious death, I pleaded that I was an accredited agent of the Sultan, declaring with sincerity that a heavy ransom would be paid if demanded. With a face sterner than before—if that were possible—and in a tone of biting contempt, he replied:

"All is nought, coward, to us. Blood alone can expiate thy offence. Make peace with thy soul if thou canst; for that purpose these few hours are given thee." And so he left me with his men.

A Turk feels the dread of approaching death quite as much as another man—not perhaps in the wild excitement of battle, when infused with faith we press on with cries of Allah; but to lie on a stone bench tied to a staple in the wall like a dog, to see no ply in the faces of my captors—then it seems as if death has already touched the heart, and after the first paroxysm of fear only a numbed dread remains.

For one hour my mind wandered. I saw again in Adrianople the handsome face of my father bending over me in my boyhood; and, when a slight breeze stirred the foliage around my prison-house, I almost fancied he had come again to kiss me and recite a prayer to Allah on my behalf.

By this time it must have been almost midnight, and I dozed. The weight upon my mind seemed to press physically upon my limbs as morphia, and I not only dozed but slept.

Suddenly a noise awoke me. It was the grating of the hinges in the heavy door. Through a slit in the stone wall above my head came a bright ray of moonlight which at first nearly blinded me, but in a moment I realized my position.

One of the Andarti had brought a pair of scissors, and he commenced to cut off the collar of my jacket, feeling so sure of the strength of my bonds that he left the door open. I moved my head obediently as far as I was able; and, after this sinister and suggestive act had been completed, he turned to go, but at that instant a figure passed into the hut and the light coming through the door was partially obscured.

The figure came and stood close to my head, and as the moonlight streamed through the chink, I saw the head and face of a noble-looking woman of about twenty-one. She could not see my face with nearly so much distinctness as I could see hers, yet her face softened as she looked down upon me, bound and helpless.

"At what hour does he die?" she finally asked.

"At daybreak," was the answer.

"Is there no hope?"

"You know there is none, Hekia Etorna," was the gruff reply.

They passed out, and again I dozed and slept; a rough shake aroused me, and when I was freed from the gyves that fettered me, I walked firmly out upon the hearth.

No time was lost. A rope was hanging from a tree, and rapidly a noose was formed and placed round my neck. At a signal from the chief I was hoisted quite ten feet from the ground, and then the rope broke. With an angry exclamation they rushed forward. It was a new rope, but the strands had been cut nearly through.

I was partially stunned and dazed, but I could hear the buzz of human voices. Some water was thrown in my face, and one of the band ran for another halter. It was an old one this time; but I had recovered, and again I underwent the sickening process preliminary to the final pull.

At the signal I was again hoisted some ten feet, when the strands parted, and again I fell heavily upon the soft soil. This time the rope had not been tampered with—it had broken through old age and rotteness.

Then ensued an ominous consultation and daggers were fingered impatiently.

At last, unable to bear suspense any longer, I poured scornful curses upon them—curses which so maddened them that they rushed upon me with upraised daggers.

Painfully I stood up, determined to show them that I could die bravely, when a figure sprang between me and the Andarti. It was the woman I had seen in the stone blockhouse. For a moment the maddened crew seemed awed. Then, with imprecations, they tried to drag her aside, but she stopped them with a gesture.

"Have pity," she said; "he has already twice undergone the agonies of death."

"If he died a thousand times," said Etorna, "it would not be too many. He is a spy; so stand aside, Hekia, or even my love for thee will not save you from my anger."

"Father," she said, "have mercy. He is young, and knew not perhaps the enormity of this offence. When the eagle seized you did I not nurse you night and day? When your expedition against the Albanians failed, did I not enfeeble my youth in my efforts to serve you? And now when I beg for the life of this man, who has suffered more than the pangs of death, you threaten me, your daughter, Hekia Etorna."

Achilles Etorna stepped forward with changed mien and faltering lip:

"Spy," he said, "promise that you will never draw sword against us, and your life will be spared."

For a moment I hesitated, so desperate was I; but one look at my preserver decided me.

"I promise," I said, with all my heart. Then I was unbound and led into the hut, and soon I fell into a deep sleep; again I awoke and heard voices. It was some of the Andarti.

"The cursed Turk stole my wife—you know the rest," said one.

"Even so," said another; "and I have sworn never to let a Turk live once he was delivered into my hands—yet he is to escape."

"Still," said a third, "he is the first to escape, and Hekia saved my life. Let him go."

Not without some trepidation did I hear their consultation; and, though I was relieved by their departure, sleep had at last quite deserted me. Allah was good, however, and thus it was, at ten o'clock that morning, I found myself without sabre, or sandwich, weary but elated, safely over the frontier on my way to Metsovo. The failure of my mission in a great measure accounted for my living in compulsory idleness at Adrianople.

But when I found myself once more safe from the clutches of the Ethniké Hetairia (a vast secret organization which controls the Andarti and sometimes the Evzones), my mind returned with gratitude to Hekia Etorna. Afterwards, for a long time at night, I would awake with a start at the slightest noise, and for a moment fancy that the fair form of Hekia stood at the head of my bed.

And when I realized that I was safe I was so insane as to wish myself back in the stone blockhouse merely for the sake of gazing once more at that fair, noble face; but I was a Turk, her hereditary enemy.

Day after day I told myself this, but the more I reasoned the greater became my inclination to see Hekia, and tell her, Greek-like, of my passion; and at last, scorning reason, I set out to see her for once at least.

I had been guilty of spending much of my slender patrimony in ascertaining the whereabouts of this dangerous band of insurgents. I will not describe my journey nor the risks I underwent of being shot or taken prisoner.

After watching the blockhouse where she resided with her father, for many hours, I assured myself that she was alone; and, quitting my place of concealment, walked boldly up to the door, knocked, and entered.

She was sitting on the floor, her hands clasped in front of her, evidently in a brown study; but immediately upon my entrance she sprang up and confronted me with flashing eyes and drawn dagger. I speak Greek perfectly, and was prepared for this reception.

"Hekia," said I, "do you not remember me?"

"Who are you? How dare you enter here? Begone!"

"Hekia, nearly eleven months ago you saved my life at Tyrnavos. I am Aftiz Bey, whom your father called the spy."

Her eyes never softened—they seemed

to gleam more fiercely, and a smile of contempt passed over her face.

"And so you have come again to spy, or to take my life, or to rob? Are you liar, murderer, thief—which?"

"Neither, by the Beard of the Prophet. Gratitude and love brought me hither at the risk of my life. I ascertained your whereabouts and came to tell you that I would give my life in return for what you risked and dared to save me."

She looked at me intently, and her face softened again as it had done on the night of my condemnation when I lay helpless on the stone couch awaiting my fate. Then she spoke softly:

"It is impossible; and as to your giving your life, there is hardly an Evzone in the range of Olympus who would give his life for me. No—there is only one thing possible, and that is for me to see you safely over the frontier before the return of my father."

But the sight of her had driven my blood into flame. I told her how much I loved her; and, after a passionate appeal declared my determination to see her father rather than go rejected, scorned, and hopeless.

She was a woman—the color upon her cheeks grew deeper as I spoke of her heroism on that awful morning. She had no false modesty; and she never for a moment sought either to belittle her bravery or to egg me on in order to hear more compliments. At last, stretching out her hand, she said:

"Come, I could love you even as you love me; but you must go. Let us start at once."

We crossed the frontier hand-in-hand together; and from that time I have lived upon the hope of one day possessing Hekia Etorna. True, I was a Turk—one of the hated Osmanli; but her father had at last given his permission, and we were to emigrate to Crete. There we should each dwell among our own people, and my money would enable us to grow and export fine fruits.

But war reared its ghastly head. For over eleven weeks I had heard nothing from Hekia, and at last I was summoned to the palace, and the rest is known. Attached to a brilliant staff under Ghazi Osman, our great hero, I went on ahead from Salonika to give my despatch into the hands of Edhem.

At places the railway had been tampered with, and at last I had to quit it and proceed on horseback. Was I the victim of fancy and delusion? Over and over again when I halted in camp a pale-faced officer came up who seemed to eye me with looks of sinister ill-omen. Was I followed? He was evidently known, for our officers never failed to treat him with respect. At last as I was starting to go on to Karadar this man came up to me.

"Tell me," said he, "art thou not from Greece?"

His voice seemed strangely familiar—so familiar, indeed, that I trembled with apprehension.

"No," said I; "I go to Edhem, as thou knowest."

"Then show me the despatch," said he, advancing still nearer. I seized my sword mechanically, but he only smiled—such a smile.

"You would be surrounded in one moment," said he. "As your superior, I again demand to see your despatch."

Reader, determined not to encompass the destruction of Hekia Etorna and her Andarti, I had thrown it into the Karadar, close to Salonika. I was a traitor, and my love had turned me into a miserable renegade. I knew then that all was lost. Hekia Etorna, life, honor, all was gone—yet the fiend at my horse's head smiled.

"Dismount quietly," said he; "I want to talk to you." After that was done, he laid his hand upon my arm, and said:—

"Didst ever hear of Hektor Etorna?"

My heart gave a great leap. Indeed I had, but we had never met.

"I am he," he said.

Then in suppressed tones he stated that I was foolish not to carry a sham despatch in cipher, lest a Turkish officer of authority should demand its production. At the same time producing a bogus one already prepared.

It seems that while fishing in the Gulf of Salonika his hook had become entangled in some string, and when he drew it out of the water he found it was my despatch weighted with stones, just as I had thrown it in some seven miles higher up the river.

"Go now, noble fellow," said he, "and save my tribe. They are acting with some Evzone a few miles north of Arta."

Soon we parted affectionately, and I went alone, but light-hearted.

As I got nearer the scene of battle awful signs of carnage confronted me. Heaps of dead Turks, Albanians and Redifs met my eye almost continuously on the line of route right away through the Pale of Meluna.

Mere lads and old veterans crawled along, almost destitute of clothing, and starving; but the coarse raven of the battlefield croaked around them, impatient for its meal.

So with the Greeks. Poor Italian volunteers crawled along crying hoarsely for water of every passer-by. But now I moved with extreme circumspection, as any moment I might fall in with some of the roving Greek bands, who might put me to death without parley as a Turkish spy.

How many narrow escapes I had I cannot tell; and at last, towards night, I had to take shelter amid the mountains on my right, so numerous were the bands of both armies in all directions. I picked my horse close to a ravine, and lay down to sleep, covering myself with a fustanella lent me as a disguise by Hektor Etorna, who being a secret agent of the Greeks on the Turkish staff, had a capital supply of everything.

Soon the tragic scenes studding my day's journey passed away, and I fell into a deep sleep. Once a dog almost gorged to repletion with human flesh smelt my face, and the touch of its vile mouth and its sickening breath awoke me.

With a sudden movement I plunged my sabre in its side, and falling back slept on calmly; but at four o'clock I was once more aroused by the neigh of my horse. Springing up I tightened the girths and placed my foot in the stirrup; but before I had time to spring into the saddle every rock and boulder seemed to be alive with men.

Resistance was useless, as I was covered by at least a dozen rifles, and at a signal from the leader, I threw up my hands in token of surrender. I would have sold my life dearly rather than be taken, were it not for the strong hope that my explanation would save my life at least.

But they heeded not my protests, these wild Andarli and Evroni. They seized me with heavy hands, and soon found my bogus despatch, and it was vain even to attempt a hearing.

I was bound, gagged and blindfolded and thrown across my own horse. Then we moved on, I knew not whither. In the distance the sullen roar of artillery reached my ears, and a shudder seized me as I listened to the fierce yell of the cannon dog.

At last towards evening we stopped, and I was taken from my horse, every limb racking, every nerve quivering. They ungagged me; the handkerchief was taken from my eyes and a terrible scene presented itself.

We had swept across country and arrived at the gorges of Kilnovon in the Pindus Mountains, and these insurgents had made an almost inaccessible mountain their headquarters. I was surrounded by nearly four hundred men, and a few wild-eyed women and children, who glared at me with mingled exultation and terror.

Without any parley, a tall, gaunt, but well-armed Evronos stepped forward, and with a gesture motioned me to be brought nearer to a heap of Greek corpses. It was done, and I could see they had been mutilated while dead, or living, by the soldiers of his Majesty Abdul Hamid.

My blood froze as I looked at them. Were the living Greeks going to avenge their dead countrymen by torturing me similarly? A cold sweat broke out upon me. "Save him," yelled the leader. Instantly I was seized and bound to a stake.

"Dog," said Eolod the leader, "some of these were wounded, and then burnt while living. We will see how you, a cursed Osmanli, can bear a similar fate."

They piled up faggots round me with wild alacrity, and when all was prepared the chief took a large knife and pressed it against my right side. Without moving a muscle I looked him intently in the face. The knife began to penetrate and blood to flow, while around me the crowd seemed to exult in silence.

Then, to my surprise, the knife was withdrawn, having penetrated less than an inch. Eolod smiled, then turning to the mob he said:—

"The Osmanli is brave, and though we

could be as cruel as the Bashl-Basouks, he knows us not." He turned to me and continued, "Dog, you die in an hour by the bullet as a spy; but we are willing to hear you."

"Chief," said I, "I am Afiz Bey, sent with a despatch to his Excellency, Edhem Pasha, but I destroyed the despatch because Hekla Etorna has promised to be my wife. I was on my way to warn her when some of your band captured me."

A look of the greatest incredulity spread over their faces when I said that. Then, after a pause, they screamed out that I was lying; and if ever the human voice sounded the fierce lust of blood theirs did. It was an inarticulate sound that carried despair to my heart. Then Eolod the chief said grimly: "Etorna will be here in a few minutes with Hekla. He was expected this morning. Relate your lying tale then."

My heart gave a great bound; in a few minutes I should be free, free with Hekla! I looked at them, unheeding their curses, and smiled; when even then a clamor on the outskirts of the throng told me of their arrival.

Etorna had risen in rank under the Ethnike Hotalria, and his uniform glittered with the sparkle of the orders on his breast. When he saw me his face paled with doubt and anger; and after hearing Eolod he said:

"Afiz Bey, the key of Edham's cipher was sent us by Hektor some days ago. If your tale be true we shall know. Let us see and examine the despatch." They brought it and he examined it closely, and I could see by the darkening of his face that Hektor had in mistake given me back the original despatch. Turning to me he said:

"Twice a traitor; this is the despatch ordering the destruction of the village;" then raising his voice, he shouted, "He lies concerning the despatch; he is no friend of mine."

Meanwhile Hekla had advanced smiling, but when she heard the expression of her father she paled.

"I do not know him," she said. Again they pressed forward, and my despair had made me dumb.

"Hang the spy—do not shoot him," he cried. Even in my despair no detail of the preparations escaped me, and above all I noticed with an increase of agony the pale face of Hekla Etorna. She never moved after she had spoken; but as they raised a temporary gibbet I thought her lips quivered. I noticed even that, and then my tongue was loosened at last.

"Save me," Hekla, I shrieked.

Again her lips moved, but she made no sign. Then they seized me, but before they could drag me three yards she rushed to me and embraced me.

"If he dies I die too," she said. "Then you must," said Achilles Etorna; "you will not save your Turkish whelp this time."

He drew his sword as if to stab his own daughter, when a yell was heard, and a rider in brilliant uniform was seen urging his horse up the gorge at a speed which taxed its strength to the uttermost. He urged his horse madly through the crowd which parted right and left.

"It is Hektor Etorna," they cried.

It was indeed Hektor, who, finding that somehow he had retained the bogus despatch, and dreading the destruction of his village and the useless sacrifice of my life—had followed me with all speed. Several times he had been baffled, but his knowledge of the country and his unerring instinct had brought him to the gorge of Kilnovon, where he knew his tribe was bivouacked. He told me afterwards that so intent were they upon putting me to death that he was in dread both for Hekla and myself, as being so engrossed they might not have noticed his signals in time.

Their rage turned to gratitude upon hearing his explanation, and the joy of Hekla and myself cannot be described in words. The next day Hekla Hektor and myself started for Veniza, and by good fortune we got a Portuguese to run us up to Corfu in his lorcha. From thence we sailed to England.

Thus I, Afiz Bey, am in a position to relate my story. My treachery has done no harm, as the whole district has since been overrun by the troops of his Majesty the Sultan. And with sadness I read of that conflict between nations who should peaceably pay tribute to Islam; but politics concerns me not, as destiny alone rules our lives.

I trust the time is not far distant when I, Hekla, Hektor and his father shall sit under our own cypress tree in sunny

Crete, looking upon war as only a bad dream.

GIFTS AND SURPRISES.

Of all celebrities worshipped by the crowd, none are on more familiar terms with their idolisers than favorites of the footlights.

Popular players receive, many of them regularly, letters from admirers of their acting, epistles from people who venture to suggest how their parts may be materially strengthened, and from many other varieties of correspondents. Some even go further than this; they make them presents, and sometimes very peculiar ones.

Playing the part of Cinderella, one charming young lady received a letter from a little girl who had been amongst the audience; and in it came a small paper of acid drops and a penny, "because you are so poor you cannot have any sweets."

The father of this young actress, a popular actor, once received a queer request. "I have greatly admired your acting, and shall appreciate your kindness if you will let me have a box." So wrote a gentleman in the furniture trade.

To this the actor replied that he should be extremely happy to grant the request, provided, "as I have been greatly struck with your beautiful chairs and tables, you will let me have a drawing room suite."

A well known "sympathetic heroine," taking a holiday in a quiet country district, generously offered her services to the management of a small local theatre wherein a benefit was to be held. The house was a very different one from those in which the lady was accustomed to appear, but taking no notice of frequent interruptions and conversations conducted quite aloud, she persevered and soon held her audience as effectively as ever.

"Bravo!" came the yells of her admirers as the performer warmed to her work. Then she gave a startled jump as something struck the stage beside her. It was a penny. At once others followed, and the air grew thick with coppers flying over the footlights.

The lady retreated before this hail of coins; but not wishing to disappoint those who had shown this very real appreciation of her efforts, she returned to the stage, and amid cheers, collected the shower of metallic applause.

"A 'romantic hero,' notoriously a 'stork,' was one morning delighted to receive a sumptuously bound volume, entitled 'The Stage Triumphs of W. X. Wisehead,' that being his own name. 'Copies have been distributed free to all your colleagues,' said an accompanying note. On his cutting the pages of the book, however, the disgraced Thespian found them blank paper from beginning to end.

Illustrating the much mixed nature of gifts which are made to footlight celebrities, it may be mentioned that one of two popular sisters, arriving at the theatre one evening, found a Persian kitten awaiting her, and from another "friend amongst the gods" an old horse-shoe, "for luck." Later on came a letter threatening to shoot her, causing her to seek police protection for the remainder of the run.

A young actress who not long ago made a tremendous hit, declared that one of the most pleasing features of her sudden bound into popularity was the number of presents sent to her by strangers. "Many of these are, of course, from tradesmen who wish to name articles after me," explained she.

"But the variety and quantity are charming. Yesterday, for instance, I received, amongst other things, four bottles of scent, a birthday book, a lemon squeezer, six pairs of gloves, a paste hair-pin and pair of shoe buckles, a crumb brush, and a hair-curling set."

THE TRUE LIFE.—What men want is not virtues that shall rise and shine for a little while and then go out again, but virtues that shall remain; and every time you establish an element of truth in yourself—every time you give permanence to a principle of honor—every time you take the old thorn-bearing branch and cut it off, and graft upon it a fruitful branch, and see that it "takes," that it is not "blown out," and that it becomes fruitful—every time you gain any element of truth, or faith, or meekness, or gentleness, or love, or patience—every time you give stability to anything good, in any direction, no matter if it be feeble—you have emerged, you have gone up, you are going out of the body, out of the flesh, out of burial, out of death—you are going toward the true life.

Scientific and Useful.

A DOG WITH A CORK LEG.—Not long since a beautiful white fox terrier was injured by a wagon while chasing a rat. The wheels passed over one of her slender paws, crushing it terribly, but the plucky little creature held on to the rat and shook the life out of it before she crept, moaning, to her master. He immediately carried her to a surgeon, who amputated her leg above the first joint. For days the little creature's sufferings were intense and she was nursed like a baby. When the wound healed, her master had a cork leg made for her, which she soon used with ease.

ACETYLENE GAS.—A simple acetylene gas generator has been invented. A small and portable tank serves the purpose of a generator, which in construction, is practically a miniature gasometer. Into an air-tight tin of two pound capacity, termed a receiver, is placed a small piece of the calcium carbide, a tiny jet of water enters the receiver, and the gas is immediately emitted. The inner casing is then filled by the gas, the process of gas generating only occupying a few seconds. When the gas generated burns off, the tank falls, and its pressure supplies another drop of water to the calcium chamber, and again the work of generation commences, a constant supply of gas being thus kept up. The light obtained from the gas is said to be exceedingly brilliant, having an illuminating power of from twenty to forty times that of ordinary lighting gas.

Farm and Garden.

GRAPEVINES.—Plant a few grapevines this year; that is, if you take care of those now growing. No use if you expect them to fight their own battles. Manure, culture, spraying—three perquisites to success.

FREE FROM FEAR.—In this modern age of progress a horse should be entirely free from fear. He is not worth buying if afraid of cars or any other thing and should sell at a discount if at all. Educate him to fear nothing.

TREATMENT.—Harsh treatment of cows does not make them any better. While a beating does not prevent a cow from switching her tail, it is a direct loss to her owner by lessening the flow of milk then and afterwards through fear. Perfect ease and comfort are essentials to the greatest production in the dairy.

PULVERIZATION.—Perhaps but a small per cent. of farmers have as yet realized the importance of a thorough fluffing of the soil. Nature provided for this in virgin soils, by filling them with roots or plants, but we must do it to quite an extent by mechanical means. Many soils called barren are simply compacted and heavy, so that the feeding roots of plants cannot penetrate them. A cloed yields no nourishment to plants till crushed.

My wife has had another attack of lung trouble. She coughed incessantly and raised enormously. We nearly despaired of her recovery. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, by the blessing of God, restored her. She is now well.—(Rev.) JOS. HOPKINS, West Berlin, N. J., Feb. 18, 1894.

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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia



PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1, 1898

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A TIME OF SENTIMENT.

The observance of Christmas and New Year's, which to a certain extent depend for their hold upon human nature through sentiment, brings up the mooted question whether that feeling is dying out from among us.

Is sentiment decaying? It is freely asserted that whatever the close of a year may show the closing century is witnessing a decline in this human quality, and probably nine men out of every dozen would be prepared to support the assertion. But are the arguments in favor of the contention valid ones, and are the conclusions arrived at sound? In a question of this kind, much, of course, depends on our definition of the word; and, when it has been admitted that "feeling" may be taken as a synonymous term, there will still remain differences of interpretation.

There are indeed so many sides to the question that every one must answer from his experience. For in one circle it may seem as though sentiment is as deep and true as it has ever been, while in another it may appear to have thinned out into an inconsiderable quantity. But we have to consider the matter as far as possible from a view that is comprehensive and in some degree critical. We cannot confine ourselves to our immediate surroundings, which may differ in the widest possible way from those of others; but we must look at all classes of society and all classes of interests to supply an answer.

In some respects there certainly would seem to be distinct indications that we have grown more matter-of-fact than we were. We are governed so largely by "good form," and it is not considered "good form" to be sentimental nowadays. We dismiss lightly subjects which formerly were regarded as being of serious import. We pretend at least to be hardened and casual.

Yet—assuming this to be true in the widest degree—what does it all prove? Does it prove anything except that we have changed our forms of sentiment? Because perhaps the letter-writing of to-day is less saturated with terms of endearment than formerly, does it mean that the correspondents care less for each other? Can we honestly say that there is less genuinely strong feeling between man and man than there used to be?

We must of course face this fact—that civilization has a tendency to reduce the exhibition of feeling. This is a very important consideration when we come to analyse the sentiment that is found to-day. Just as common observation will show that the upper classes are more restrained in their emotions than the lower classes, so it may fairly be said that our generation

is less demonstrative than the preceding one.

May we not attribute it to this as much as to anything else that so many people of to-day are ready to declare that sentiment is decaying? And, just as, in the words of the old saying, "You scratch a Russian and find a Tartar," is it not quite reasonable to suppose that, if you probe the ordinary man or woman of to-day who has a reputation for being unsentimental, you will find beneath the surface a sentiment as true and deep as ever existed?

Surely the people of to-day are not less generous than they were yesterday! If they do not prate about their sympathy, they possess it none the less, and will pour it out upon you when it is needed. You and your friends do not perhaps talk as much about your affection for one another as they did in the good old days when it was the fashion to protest one's feelings with vehemence. But do you think your friends are any less staunch and true than the friends of a couple of centuries ago were, or do you feel that you are wanting in the best form of devotion to them?

In the matter of family affection there has, we think, been a notable change in form. The terms of endearment, without which it was once considered unfilial for a child to address its parents, and unmammoth for a mother to address her child, have, to a large extent, been discarded. There is more undemonstrativeness, maybe—especially in the upper classes—in the relationship between children and parents; but we cannot believe that family affection is on the decline. It is undoubtedly to the family circle that one must go for the basis of sentiment; and, so long as that retains its hold, the sentiment of the country will not be much at fault.

You have no doubt noticed in your own experience that, whereas in many families in times gone by the most fulsome forms of address were used, and the most sentimental terms were employed, even in the presence of comparative strangers, there is now more of quiet dignity pervading the family relationship. Yet you cannot, we are sure, argue that family affection is waning. For, after all, one has to judge by deeds rather than words, the present age is certainly not poor in deeds of love and kisses.

The position we should prefer to take up is that sentiment is not decaying—that, with advancing civilization and with the increasing complexity of human interests, the outward forms of communication are more guarded and more dignified. We have learned to a great extent the cheapness of phrases, and we do not rely upon them to express the feelings of the heart. If they must take expression they take the form of deeds. The human heart is not deteriorating. It is as true as it ever was; and, until it does deteriorate, there need be no fear that sentiment is decaying.

The most careful education in the world can only direct for the time—it cannot change the inner current by which we shape our course. We must all make or mar ourselves by that self-education, that moral choice of good or evil, which is the real individuality of each. And as we choose so must we live, and abide by the results of what we do as well as of what we are. The fact of these fixed results cannot be too much impressed on the young.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean,

the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds to its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

MENTAL and physical occupation are an absolute necessity if the constitution is to be kept in healthy working order; and this applies equally to both sexes. The human economy will rust out before it will wear out, and there are more killed by idleness than by hard work. Human energy must have some outlet, and, if that outlet is not work of some kind, habits are acquired that are not always conducive to long life.

THE future of the future world is as impossible to conceive as the future of the present world. The Christian religion teaches nothing more than that the love of God will be life; and a feeling so strong, so universal, and so ardent, as that those who have loved will meet again, has a grasp on the human mind little less powerful than that of the immortality of the soul. But neither reason, nor feeling, nor fancy can go further.

THE more fully we realize the whole meaning of our work, whatever it may be, the more clearly we understand its relation to larger objects than itself, and the more modestly we regard it as an assistance to higher and wider aims than it could by itself ever aspire to, the more reason there is to hope that it will attain to its best possibilities.

THE most worn and worldly natures vindicate their humanity by occasional preferences and motiveless likings. True, they are transitory, and soon both controlled and forgotten; but their very existence is evidence that the kindly feeling which clings to our race never wholly abandons even the most seemingly hardened and indifferent.

THE voice of conscience is the only sure call to duty, and he who hears it and disobeys does so at his peril. When the moment of action arrives, let there be no hesitation, no paltering, no self-deception as to the possible mistakes conscience may make. Prompt and full obedience to her dictates is then the only safe path to pursue.

THERE is no quality, however admirable it may be, which does not need some other quality to balance it. Humility and self-respect must join hands, or the one will degenerate into pusillanimity and the other into pride; justice and kindness must qualify each other, or the one will be stern and the other will be weak.

To be at work, to do things, for the world, to turn the currents of things about us by our wills—that is a joy of which the idle man knows no more than the adder knows of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air.

TRUE politeness is the spirit of benevolence showing itself in a refined way. It is the expression of goodwill and kindness. It promotes both beauty in the man who possesses it and happiness in those who are about him.

KEEP ever in mind that the consequences of your actions cannot rest upon your head alone, but must reach away into the future, and taint and embitter the lives of the innocent.

Correspondence.

MARY W.—In the study of etiquette much must be learned by observation, but much more is learned by practice.

F. W.—In medieval times rhinoceros horns were employed for drinking cups by royal personages, the notion being that poison put into them would show itself by bubbling. There may have been some truth in the idea, as many of the ancient poisons were acids, and they would decompose the horny material very quickly.

MEHCL.—The Kree, or Irish language, is one of the thirteen original European languages. It is in use at present. We should think you would obtain a grammar in Trubner's series. There is an Irish Bible, translated in 1602, 1685, and 1704, which you will probably find at one of the offices of the Foreign Bible Society. The words "insurance" and "assurance" have really the same meaning, but by usage the term "insurance" is confined solely to risks depending on human life, while "assurance" is applied to the risks connected with property.

TOPSY AND TURVEY.—The original phrase from which the proverb was framed—i.e., "Still waters run deep"—is to be found in Henry VI., part 2, act iii., scene 1. The line is—

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

This proverb has been quoted in other people's verses, and we are unable to tell you the name of the person who made use of it in the doggerel lines you have sent us. A "complete forgetfulness of self" is by no means desirable, as self-respect and self-possession do not allow of it. Self-abnegation is quite another thing.

RED ROSE.—St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunters, was the son of Bertrand, Duc d'Acquitaine, and cousin of King Philip. He was Bishop of Liege, and confessor; but previously was so fond of the chase that one day, having neglected his religious duties to indulge in it, it is said that a stag appeared to him bearing a crucifix, and threatened him with eternal perdition unless he reformed. This had such an effect on him that he entered a cloister, and afterwards became the "Apostle" of Ardenne and Brabant and Bishop of Liege. His descendants were credited with the power of curing the bite of mad dogs. St. Hubert died on May 30th, A. D. 727.

BRAIN WORKER.—It is absolutely impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule on the subject. So much depends upon circumstances. Generally speaking, it is a healthy practice to rise early, but then there should be the retreating to rest early also. It very often happens that those whose work is mental find themselves far fitter for their business at night, in which case they must make up for their want of rest at night by rising late in the morning. There are many, whose occupation keeps them up late at night, whether they like it or not. In such cases, it would, of course, be extremely unhealthy to attempt to rise early, as a certain amount of sleep is necessary to keep the body in health. As a general rule, however, the old proverb, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," applies, and, if possible, one cannot do better than follow it, especially in the country, where the early morning air is fresh and invigorating.

MADGE.—The "waits" and the "mummers" of the old holidays were quite distinct from each other. The former were composed of a class of inferior musicians who performed at weddings and country fetes, as well as by night for some time before Christmas Day. The name "wait" is not descriptive of their vocation, but applies only to their trials in its pursuit, and their having to hold themselves in readiness to blow their various wind instruments when required, and make the best of a weary waiting for a few pennies, oftentimes in the snow on a freezing night under the windows of the richer folk. The "mummers" were of the farmer class, young men and girls, who used to go out disguised, acting, dancing and singing, for which they were rewarded with apples, nuts, and ale, or other and more substantial entertainment. "Mummers" still exist, we are told, in Oxfordshire, England. In early times it was an amusement joined in by the highest families in the land till Henry VIII. passed an act to repress it.

E. S. W.—Worrying about possible windfalls of money is one of the most profligate of all agitations. We have known scores of people who were unsettled for half a lifetime because of the vague idea that somebody somewhere had left them a legacy, though they could not find out where and when the good fortune befell them. If you feel sure there is good ground for the belief that you are entitled to wealth which has somehow missed its way, your best plan is to consult a really respectable lawyer, not one of the pettifogging order. Lawyers are always willing to take up such cases if they are convinced that money is possibly procurable. If, after you have explained the grounds of your expectation, a shrewd lawyer thinks it is useless to proceed further, you had better give up the vague hopes that you are now cherishing. You will never be able to make the inquiries you suggest without legal assistance. Our impression is that you are pursuing a phantom in each case, and that spending money on the strength of such hazy hopes will prove a bad bargain.

AT THE DOOR.

BY A. T.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die.
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go.
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go!

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone!
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Misjudged.

BY L. F.

"WE can't go on any longer—it's impossible."

My sister's voice was full of resignation as she said it, very sad and patient.

Mary only sighed. I think I hear that sigh now, long years afterwards—it was so utterly hopeless. There was a little rustling among some papers which Ellis was folding in her methodical way, Mary sitting with folded hands watching her. Ellis was always energetic. When she had put away the last of her papers, she tried bravely to be cheerful.

"Well," she said, "I suppose we must give in and go to the wall, as others have done before us. We'd best put up the shutters to-morrow and announce ourselves bankrupt; then we can look about us and see what we can do next."

"What can we do?"

Poor gentle Mary. Her soft voice thrilled me as she spoke.

"I don't know—go to an almshouse and ask them to take us in. We have done our level best and have failed; and now we, General Weir's daughters, are helpless and penniless!"—and her tone was very bitter. "I am glad the child has her future before her."

Dear gentle Mary. I could not swallow the lump that rose in my throat as I heard her. I pressed one of my cheeks against the cold glass of the window near to which I was sitting in my own particular corner.

The evening shadows were closing in; my sisters were seated by the table in the centre of the room, on which a lamp was burning. I was in the semi-darkness.

For some time I had known what was threatening; for days I had been in a miserable frame of mind and quite incapable of working. Now the struggle was all over. I drew a letter from my pocket and spoke as steadily as I could.

"Ellis, what's the matter. Are things not going right with you?"

"No, dear," she answered. "We got into debt for goods, and we can't clear the amount. We shall have to give up the shop; and we don't know what to turn to—really we do not." Her tone was apologetic, for they had never troubled me with business matters, these dear unselfish sisters.

"Is your money as well as Mary's all gone?"

"All gone—every penny that father left us. You know it's two years since he died, and we tried to establish our shop out of the capital. Oh, I'm afraid we were wrong and foolish. Never mind, dear, don't you worry; you'll help us when you get your degree. We'll take situations, Mary and I, and will save the money somehow between us to help you, and you'll be all right. Don't you worry."

"Ellis," I said, speaking very slowly and turning my head slightly so that the light of the lamp did not fall upon my face, "would you and Mary be much disappointed if I gave up my studies and did not go in for being a doctor at all?"

"Lois!" Ellis spoke very gravely—"it's certainly that dissecting-room; you looked pale when you came home, and though you were brave enough to force yourself to go through the unpleasant

experience you are feeling the reaction now. It has been too much for you; it's too much for any woman; I always said so!"

I could not speak. "You poor dear," she went on—"you look very pale. Would you really like to give up the doctoring?"

"I mean to give it up," I answered, speaking steadily, "and in that case you could take my money, you know—you and Mary. Would it tide you over your difficulties?"

They stared in silence. Then Mary spoke.

"And you, my dear—what do you think of doing? Would you like to join us in the shop?"

I could not help smiling.

"No, no—I have something else!"—holding up the letter that had been lying in my pocket for days. "Grannie Latham wrote to me the other day. You know she tried to persuade me to stay with her the last time I visited her; she has written again begging me to go and be her companion. She is not well, and is very lonely. She offers me fifty pounds a year—that would help you, you know."

"But"—Ellis's voice was hesitating—"are you sure you would prefer it to doctoring? I am confident that the dissecting-room has given you a fright, but you would get over that in time. Think well, dear, before you make up your mind."

"I need not think," I answered; "my mind is quite made up. I'll write to grannie to-morrow," and I rose, leaning on the table to steady myself.

"Dear little pale face!" Mary cried, kissing me in her kindly way. "I am glad you have decided to give up the doctoring; we always said the work was unsuitable for women. It was our belief that you would not stand the dissecting room."

"We always prophesied that for you—didn't we, Ellis? And—who knows?"—and she smiled sagaciously, laying her hand upon my shoulder—"your grannie is rich, you will meet nice people, and you may get married. You are so pretty, you know, Lois; but you do dress horribly. You'll have to give up your masculine ways when you go to grannie Latham's."

I smiled, though my heart was aching, and sat through the supper that seemed interminable, listening to my sisters' comments on my failure, their prophecies concerning the much more pleasant future I should have, and their little plans for tiding over their difficulties with my money.

It was over at last. I said my "Good-night," then turned to my own little nook to put away my books as my wont had been every night for nearly two years, also the papers over which I had labored so diligently; I could not do it. I reeled, and should have fallen but that Ellis caught me in her arms.

"There, there, poor dear,—see how even the sight of those horrid books upsets her. I can't tell you how glad I am that you have given up your studies. Come up to bed and let me help you, dear."

"No, no," I cried—"I am only tired; I shall soon be all right. Good-night dear, sisters—good-night."

Then I went upstairs to my own room and closed the door, to battle alone with my sorrow.

"Would you really like to give up the doctoring?" Those were the words my sister had uttered and they throbbed through my brain as I sat quite still with my face in my hands. I was only a girl of twenty, and it had always been my great ambition to enter the medical profession.

My father, General Weir, had laughed at me—for I had been his pet as far as it had been possible for him to have a pet. However, he had died two years before, leaving only a few hundreds to be divided among his three daughters.

We had no one to advise us, and perhaps we had been foolish to utilize our capital as we did. My sisters set up a milliner's shop, for their only talent was a little cleverness of the fingers, and they were no longer young; while it was determined that I should spend my little fortune in preparing for a medical degree. I found that it was not the best thing in life; and now my dream was over.

I afraid of the dissecting-room—I whom my fellow-students envied for my nerves of steel! I should have laughed had it not been for the thought of my sisters and for a feeling of thankfulness that they could never understand my sacrifice.

They imagined my life with grannie

Latham would be very pleasant—ah, they did not know grannie Latham!—and they could not guess that there was but one thing in life for which I would gladly have renounced "my doctoring," and that lay behind me.

Mary and Ellis Weir were only my step-sisters. Our father had married my mother—a girl of about the age of his daughters—when he was quite an old man.

They were girls of eighteen and the marriage did not please them. The General was headstrong and passionate, his income was comparatively small, and my poor little mother's life was not very happy.

She died when I was born; and in her last illness her step-daughters learned to love her, and repented bitterly of their former resentment towards her. They acted the part of a mother to me, a poor helpless babe. I can remember how much they denied themselves for me. And could I see them want now? They were no longer young, while I was both young and strong. No, no, dear sisters—I should really like to give up the "doctoring," and I shall be happy with grannie Latham.

I scarcely realized my sacrifice when I saw how happy my sisters were. In a few days the little shop had a more prosperous appearance. With their clever fingers Mary and Ellis dressed me smartly and fashionably, telling me that I had no idea how pretty I was now that I was not dressed in those tailor-made gowns for which I had such a craze, and that I should look very sweet and picturesque when my hair began to grow. I only laughed at them, for I had never cared about my looks.

I had once before paid grannie Latham a week's visit. It was summer then; now it was winter. I arrived late in the evening, and the stately old butler took me at once into the old lady's presence.

It was an antique quaint old room, that drawing-room of grannie's. The furniture was all Queen Anne furniture, the floor was black with age and highly polished. The old lady herself was very advanced in years—she was my mother's grandmother.

"Well, Lois," she said, tapping her stick on the floor—she carried one to lean upon—"I suppose you are tired to-night. Would you like to go to your room?"

She presented her cheek to me to kiss—a cheek as polished as ivory and as cold.

I told her that I was not tired, and that it there was anything I could do for her, I should be very glad to do it.

She frowned and eyed me sharply, then told me that she would inform me in the morning of all I had to do, and at once bade me good-night, tapping the floor imperiously with her stick as she seated herself upon a Queen Anne settle by the fire.

The housekeeper gave me a dainty little meal in her own room, after which she led the way to my bed-chamber. It was a little room, with no fire and very plainly furnished. I laughed when I saw it, for I was a proud young woman. I was not a general's daughter for nothing!

"Grannie is going to house me very plainly," I said.

The housekeeper looked uneasy.

"I put you here by my lady's orders," she explained. "If you will excuse my saying so, Miss Weir, my lady, I think, means you to have the position of a companion this time."

Her words implied what I knew well enough, that the last time I had been a guest. I flushed with anger, turned upon my heel, and uttered an imperious "Good-night." The housekeeper, a gentle timid lady who had seen better days, answered me in a low sweet voice. I was at once disarmed and sprang towards her.

"Forgive me—I had no right to be rude to you! We are all quick-tempered, and—and I felt hurt. Let us be friends, you and I, Mrs. Russell; we are both women working for our living."

She kissed me gently upon the cheek and sighed as she turned away.

I soon settled down as Lady Anne Latham's companion, and took my cue from her reception of me. She was "grannie" no longer; she was "Lady Anne Latham."

How my father would have laughed if he had seen my mock humility. I think the old lady was amused by it too, for once or twice I caught her gazing at me over the top of her spectacles with a smile in her shrewd old eyes.

There were a couple of dogs to take out every day, canaries to feed, books to cut, flowers to place in the vases, and a

hundred other little things to do. It was a grand old house, and I very soon grew to love every stone of the quaint stately pile.

The servants, too, liked me; the gardener even allowed me to cut the flowers myself—and there were no conservatories to equal those of Latham Grange in all the district. I was happy enough during those winter days, chiefly because I went my own way.

Grannie liked solitude, and after I had performed the duties she expected of me, I was free to do as I chose. In a library that was little used I found books that were of the greatest assistance to me in my medical studies. I spent my leisure time over them, and, for the rest, I dreamed my dreams as young people will do.

Lady Anne found me in the library one day. Why she came I cannot tell, for she seldom left the drawing-room. She only laughed when she saw me reading, and passed by me and seated herself by the fire, for the weather was bitterly cold.

She was a stately old lady, with pride of race written on every line of her face. She sat looking at me for a short while, and I could not help feeling uneasy under the scrutiny of her piercing eyes.

"Child," she said, "you are very beautiful!"

I started, for her tone of satisfaction amazed me.

"Come here!"

I obeyed her, standing patiently before her.

"You are a foolish little girl!" she said—and there was a kindly accent in her voice which I had never heard before. "You are like all modern young people—wrapped up in dreams of independence. You really wish to take your medical degree, do you?"

Before I could utter the eager words that rose to my lips, she continued:

"And you think the best thing I could do for you would be to help you to obtain that degree, and to set you up in practice, after the style of the modern woman with her independent ideas?"

Her voice had in it a tone of mockery which prevented me from making any answer.

"Sit down!" she said, pointing imperiously to a chair.

I obeyed her as in a dream.

"I have a better future for you," she said. "You have been so wrapped up in yourself and your romantic nonsense, that you have not even noticed Sir Edward Bayley, I suppose?"

I murmured something unintelligible. I had noticed him indeed, for he was our most frequent visitor, and I disliked him. He was a man past middle age, proud, hard, imperious.

"He is my next-of-kin," she went on, "and I mean to marry you to him. I brought you here for that purpose. You are the last of the direct line, and I am morally bound to do what I can for you. In a few days Sir Edward will come here on a short visit. As soon as you are engaged to him, your position here changes—you become my guest."

I fell upon my knees, I prayed and protested. All in vain. The old lady told me that she knew the world, and what it meant for a woman to be independent; she had seen the fallacy of romantic poverty too. I was her kinswoman, and she considered it her duty to do what she could to ensure a good future for me. She would compel me to carry out her wishes. Then she left me.

Hours afterwards Mrs. Russell came to me. The fire had gone out, and when she touched me I shivered. She knew what had happened—I had no need to tell her. She clasped me in her arms and took me to her own room and soothed me beside her cheerful fire. She was an old and trusted servant, and had known my mother.

"It doesn't seem so very long ago since your mother lay on the same couch, my darling," she said, laying her gentle hand caressingly on my hair. "Yet it's nigh twenty years past. I was quite young then, not more than thirty. She was a blithe young thing, your mother. Have you ever seen the portrait of her in the west gallery?"

"No; I have never been into the west gallery."

"I'll take you to-morrow. My lady's son married a French lady, and your mother was the only child. Both parents died when she was quite a little thing, and she was sent here. My lady was never very fond of her—she hated the French strain in her—and as soon as she was old enough she married her to your father, a widower with two daughters

as old as herself. The General held a high position, and was a rich man at that time."

"Did she love him—my little mother?" I asked wistfully.

"What do you know of love, dear heart?" she asked, in amazement.

I hid my face in the cushions where my poor mother had hidden hers long years ago, and I wondered whether she had been as miserable as I was. Did she, too, know what love was—the love that made me hide my blushes—the love that oppressed and tortured as I was, made my heart leap for joy?

"Child," Grannie Latham had said, "you are very beautiful!"

I lit the four candles before the long pier-glass in my room that night, and this was what I saw—a tall slip of a girl, with a figure that promised to round into graceful curves, a small head poised upon a very slender neck—a head that was literally a mass of burnished auburn hair—a pair of large gray eyes with black lashes under level black brows, and a nose that was very slightly aquiline, the face appearing a trifle pale. I smiled at Grannie Latham's notion.

"She said that because I am a Latham," I told myself; and I dreamed that night as a woman dreams who loves.

So that was my mother! I stood in silence before the picture, my heart full of loving reverent admiration. She had the same features as myself, but she had wonderful dark glorious eyes, that held one because of their sadness and passionate mystery. Her hair—luxuriant masses of burnished auburn—seemed too heavy for her small head. Her gown of yellow satin was square cut, and a necklace of diamonds was round her throat.

"It was painted just after her marriage," Mrs. Russell whispered in awe-struck tones. "Here is a portrait of her that was painted when she was single."

She drew a curtain aside. A cry broke from my very heart. Oh, the bright, laughing gipsy face; the sparkle of the dazzling eyes, the parted rosy lips, the pearly teeth, the dimples in the cheeks, and the shabby little muslin gown showing the rounded outlines of her girlish figure.

Mrs. Russell carefully covered the canvas again, and we left the gallery.

"My lady had her painted," Mrs. Russell said, "because she was the loveliest of all the Lathams. I never saw a face like hers," she added. "And—and"—she whispered—"the artist, who was a young man, fell in love with her, and she loved him. That was why my lady married her to General Weir. Child," she said tenderly and pitifully, laying her hand upon my arm, "do not cross Lady Anne!"

Her words only made me laugh. I, with my youth and my strength and my ambition, afraid of an old woman like Grannie Latham, Lady Anne though she was!

"Lois," my grandmother said one day, "next week Sir Edward Bayley comes as my guest."

She narrowly scrutinized my face as she spoke, for, although I had seen a great deal of Sir Edward, my distant manner towards him had not in any way changed. She put out her hand and opened an escritoire near which she sat.

"Come here, child," she said. Then, in response to the cry of amazement that passed my lips—"Yes," she said. "Take them out and look at them—put them on, if you like. They will all be yours as soon as you are Edward Bayley's fiancée. This house will be yours too, you know, and the city and country houses. You will have wealth in abundance. You can do much for your own gratification and for your sisters." Her voice was very metallic and triumphant as she lingered over the last words, and her cold hard old eyes watched me narrowly.

I would not touch her jewels; I turned away. Neither jewels nor land nor wealth could tempt me. Were they not the price of my woman's fidelity—of all that is highest and holiest? But my sisters!

Of them I did not dare to think. More than once they had written to me. They were not in the brightest of spirits; things had not prospered as they expected, and I gave them the little help I could.

Sir Edward Bayley came, and with him arrived a company of ladies and gentlemen. Then I saw how rich people take life. The whole week was a continual round of gaiety. And I, in my shabby little gown, was queen of it all! I was

the most beautiful of those present, Mrs. Russell told me, and everybody knew I was the choice of Sir Edward Bayley, Grannie's next-of-kin.

My hatred of him changed to liking, for he was kind and gentle and courteous, and by neither word nor deed did he let me feel that he was a party to Grannie's plans for my future.

The festivities were past, and most of the guests had departed. Lady Anne had called me into her boudoir. I stood, frightened enough, holding the letter-bag in my hand and gazing at the face of the handsome old lady with a sort of fascination.

"Close the door!" she said, in her usual imperious manner; and, when I had obeyed her, she pointed to a chair.

"I have brought the post-bag," I said carelessly, and laid it before her, for she never omitted opening it.

There was one letter for me, addressed in my sister Mary's handwriting. My heart beat quickly as I touched it, for I had heard from her and Ellie only the day before, and there had been nothing unusual to record. I seated myself, letter in hand, waiting for Grannie to speak. She was scrutinizing me keenly.

"Lois," she said, "I suppose you have thought well over what I said to you recently, and have come to some decision?"

I could not make any answer.

"You have done everything you possibly could to induce Sir Edward to think that you do not wish to be his wife. I have been watching you, and I have been amused."

"Sir Edward, too, has been amused, especially as I told him that you were quite ready to be his wife, that you considered it an honor to be chosen by him, and that your reticence was only a little maiden modesty. We talked matters over yesterday and this evening he will speak to you. He leaves to-morrow. I have told him what your answer would be."

A long silence followed, which at length I broke.

"Grannie," I asked, a wistfulness I could not control stealing into my voice, "when you were a girl and got married, did you love your husband?"

A quick look of anger came into my kinawoman's face and she gazed at me haughtily.

"You forget yourself!" she said. "In what way can my early love affairs affect you? I did what was for my good, as I am trying to induce you to do for your own. Girls in my day were not so self-reliant as they are now. We were more willing to do what our elders bade us, and to grant that they knew what was best for us."

"Grannie,"—I did not heed the old lady's anger, for I was too much in earnest to think of it—"how can you know what is best for me? You do not know my tastes, my inclinations, the life I have hitherto lived! Let me think and act for myself. I am old enough. Give me a little help—only a very little! It is all I ask to enable me to be independent."

She stamped her foot, the wistfulness of my voice seemed to increase her anger.

"You have no pride!" she cried. "Remember you came of an ancient house."

"I know it—I know it well! I shall never do anything to disgrace the name I bear if you will help me to the fulfilment of my ambition. I shall strive to be an honor to my house. But, if you force me into this marriage—"

Before I could proceed any further she interrupted me.

"I will listen no longer to the romantic ravings of a silly schoolgirl!" said Grannie. "I will make a slight concession, and give you a day longer to think matters over, to contrast the life you are dreaming of in your foolish ignorance with the future I have prepared for you, secure, sheltered, prosperous and happy."

To-morrow Sir Edward will receive his answer, and if it is not in accordance with my wishes, I shall know how to deal with you.

She stood up, looking so haughty and imperious that, notwithstanding my pride and fearlessness, I quailed. I knew well what my answer must be, and the thought of her anger made me turn coward.

Grannie thus sent me from her presence, and, as I crossed the room, I felt sure that I heard her heavy long-drawn sigh. Lady Anne, too, had once been young. Did she know what it was to regret the past?

When I reached my own room, I opened my sister's letter, not even wait-

ing to light a candle, but holding it close to the window to take advantage of the fast-fading daylight.

It was a pitiful letter. Things were all awry again, and poor Mary wrote in the lowest and most miserable of spirits.

"If you could only come home—even for a day, dear—and talk things over with us, we should be so grateful! We do not want to take you away from your pleasures and enjoyments; but, oh, we are so miserably upset! We seem to be almost paralyzed! It is such a dreadful thing to have to appear in the Bankruptcy Court! And there is no way of avoiding it unless we can manage to pay a small sum—a very small sum—at once!"

The letter went on in the same dismal strain, the sum and substance of the whole being that my sisters were in difficulties again and wanted my help to extricate them.

I threw my sister's letter upon the floor. Were they to sacrifice me entirely? Did they not care? Had they no pity? I knew they were miserable business-women—feeble, irresolute—and their foolish wasting of the little money we had roused my indignation. I sank upon the floor, kneeling with clasped hands, gazing vaguely out upon the winter landscape. Presently softer thoughts came.

I thought of their goodness to me when a child, of their tender self-sacrifice, of the care with which they had surrounded me; and I made up my mind to go to them and help them to the utmost of my power.

I lit a candle, donned a heavy mantle, and prepared to set off without telling any one. While passing along the corridor a thought suddenly flashed upon me.

Why should I run away like a thief in the night? Was I not a free agent, on my way to fulfil what was only my duty? Might I not defy Lady Anne Latham, and go my way through life unaided and alone?

I knocked at Grannie's door. Her voice as she bade me enter had in it an intonation of surprise, for at that hour she liked to be alone. I entered fearlessly, and told her of my intention. She smiled scornfully.

"Your sisters? Your step-sisters, you mean! What are they to you—what can they claim from you? Nothing, child! Let them go their own foolish way. If they cannot manage a shop, why, let them do something else. What does it matter?"

"They acted a most sisterly part to me. Ah, you can never guess what they did for me, Grannie." A sudden thought flashing into my mind I went a step nearer to her. "You could help them, you know, if you gave them orders and told some of your friends about them; it would greatly assist them. Would you if they got over this difficulty? If you only saw how poor they are, I am sure you would be very sorry for them."

"Ah"—she raised her head quickly—"is their poverty visible? Does it strike you very much?"

I shuddered as I involuntarily glanced around her lovely room.

"Yes—oh, yes! Poverty is a dreary thing, Grannie!" The very thought of it saddened me.

"You can go home for to-night," she said, after a pause. "The train starts in less than an hour. I shall order the carriage for you"—ignoring my evident preparations for walking to the station. "You can think matters over quite as well in town; and you can give me your decision when you return to-morrow afternoon."

I thanked her, and was driven to the station in her comfortable carriage.

Great indeed was the joy of my sisters as they welcomed me; they poured their woes into my ears, walling with bated breath for my decision. They looked so poor and miserable that pity awoke in my heart.

The little room, too—how wretchedly shabby it seemed! My presence seemed to cheer and strengthen them. The shifting of all their worries and vexations: on to my strong young shoulders appeared to afford them relief, though for the moment no decision could be arrived at.

I thought matters over all through the long night, and in the morning the news I imparted to them brought tears of joy to their saddened eyes. Once more I had resigned myself into the hands of stern duty; and Heaven only knows how hard it was.

"Ellie, Mary," I said firmly, "I did not tell you my news last night, because I wanted to talk things over with you

quietly; but now let me give it to you. I am to be married to Sir Edward Bayley, the next heir to the Latham estates. You will both live with me; and will be very happy together!"

I could say no more—their kisses and their congratulations overwhelmed me.

"You look pale, dear," said Mary anxiously, looking at me intently. "Surely you will be a happy bride?"

"Yes, yes—of course!"—and I laughed recklessly, hiding the agony of my heart.

We spent the forenoon discussing business matters; and, when I left, my sisters were wonderfully cheered and brightened.

It was early in the afternoon when I arrived at the little station near Latham Grange. There was no carriage waiting to meet me. I fancied that the station-master looked at me strangely as I trudged out to battle with the wintry wind.

When I reached the house, its unusual appearance struck me at once. All the blinds were drawn.

"Grannie!" I thought, and my heart seemed suddenly to stop beating.

Mrs. Russell met me on threshold and imparted the news. Lady Anne had been unexpectedly seized with paralysis during the night, and had died before a doctor could be summoned.

"Sir Edward Bayley is acting, Miss Weir," she said. "Shall I tell him you are here?"

I bowed in assent and proceeded to my room, shuddering at the sound of my own faint footfall in the gloomy corridors. Grannie dead? I was thinking. Then I was free from her wrath, and at liberty to act as I chose.

This thought was quickly succeeded by another. I was more friendless and desolate than ever. My little sum of money was gone too; we three helpless women were absolutely cast adrift on the sea of life.

There was only one straw at which I could catch—Sir Edward Bayley. Oh, how I hated him again! But far stronger and more bitter than my hatred of him was my contempt for myself—my detestation of the meanness I was about to perpetrate in bartering my affection for gold.

At his request I went down to the library.

"Poor little white face!" he said kindly, as he placed a chair for me before the blazing fire. "You look weary, Miss Weir. I know you are in trouble. This has been too much for you."

"No, no!" I cried; "my looks belie me. I am well—perfectly well and strong. I am only a little tired; and of course I am upset."

He looked at me strangely—kindly, I thought, but I could hardly tell—everything seemed so unreal as I sat with half-closed eyes and clenched hands trying to beat back the agony at my heart, to force myself to think of my sisters, to place them first, before honor, before even my love.

The sound of his voice roused me—it was low and earnest. He had drawn near, and, as I raised my eyes to his face, I noticed how kind he looked. Involuntarily a cry broke from my lips.

"Have mercy, Sir Edward—spare me!" My voice did not sound like my own, so harsh and agonized was it.

He laid his hand gently upon mine. I shivered at the touch.

"Child," he said, "you have been frightened, tortured. I know what Lady Latham's wish was. It was never mine."

I raised my head. Tears of relief fell from my burning eyes.

"I am the next-of-kin," he continued, "and everything is mine except a large sum of money that ought to have been your mother's. That money Lady Anne squandered recklessly. She is dead now, but I was in her full confidence. She repented bitterly, and would fain have atoned"—he laughed—"by marrying you to an old man. I have watched you," he went on, "and have seen how brave you are. I know your life's story; I know your sister's difficulties. I ask your hand in marriage—Nay, nay"—as a cry of anguish broke from me—"not for myself. I am too old for such a sweet young bride. I woo in the name of my nephew, Raymond Clarke!"

"Your nephew?" I faltered. "I did not know—"

He laughed at sight of the rose flush in my cheeks, the love-light in my eyes.

"Ah," he cried, "I do not sue in vain."

I bowed my head—I could not speak. Were joy and happiness really to be mine again?

"You did not know that Raymond was my nephew? Long ago he told me his story—the old, old story of a girl a young man loved and who loved him; of two hearts divided by poverty; each too true to make self the first thought.

"Raymond was a struggling medical student; he had his mother, you had your sisters. For them you put aside love, making ambition your first thought, willing to climb alone the toilsome path to success. For them, too, you renounced that ambition. To help them, would you have obeyed your grandmother, Lois?"

"I would have tried," I answered. "I meant to do it. But, oh, love is stronger than duty—than everything."

"Child," he said, earnestly, "you are a noble woman! Lady Anne wasted your mother's money at the gaming table. To set matters right she would have sacrificed a brave young life, and bartered an old heart that still has the power to love and loves."

"I am my nephew's friend and yours, to help you to your lives' happiness. I am your sisters' friend, to help them out of their difficulties. I am master here, and, with my wife, will soon bid you welcome."

His eyes twinkled, as he resumed:—"I would have told you all this long ago, and would have been your friend, but you warned me off very skillfully. You must forgive me; but in the end I could not resist taking a little wicked pleasure in teasing you."

"Grannie," I began, with downcast head.

"Ah, yes—Lady Anne! She told you I was ready to do her bidding. I did not cross her, I only let her talk."

I blushed more deeply than ever at the thought of all she must have said. But she was dead. I thought of the dead woman lying upstairs, and I was silent.

How I had misjudged him. Involuntarily the thought of my mother's portrait arose in my mind. But for Sir Edward Bayley and his generosity my life might have been such as hers had been, full of sadness, disappointment and passionate regrets. Now my ambition was to be wholly fulfilled; I was never to be a doctor myself, but I was to be something that satisfied my fond heart more completely—I was to be a doctor's wife.

I tried to express my gratitude, but he would not listen.

"In the happiness of those I love," he said, "I find my reward."

Poor old grannie. How impotent she had been, for all her pride and her imperious will.

I am a happy wife now, and, when my husband steals a holiday, it is to Latham Grange that he likes best to go. A kind host bids us welcome, and by his side there is the woman he himself had chosen to be the helpmate of his declining years. My sisters are prosperous now; their difficulties were tided over, and they recommenced business on a more stable footing.

There are many things that please them, but they are happiest of all when they discuss the "child," and congratulate themselves that her future is assured. They think I owe it all to the fact that I took their advice and gave up "that horrid doctoring!"

The General's Niece.

BY C. R.

IT was a great day for Bayquay when General Mackay came into our midst. Not on account of the General himself; he was dubbed an arrogant, impertinent old fool on the very first afternoon.

It was in this way. Half a dozen of us were in the club smoking-room when the old fellow clumped in. "I want to join this club," said he, right off. "Suppose you'll excuse formalities from a man of my standing."

As honorary secretary of the club, it behooved me to reply to this presumptuous warrior. I did so, and made it clear to him that though he might have a square yard of medals for bravery, he will be required to take his chance of election into our select society.

Then "Bah!" said he, and out he stumped.

But he was duly elected by and by, for though he didn't recommend himself to us, his niece, Laura Stephenson, was warranty for him. From the moment we younger ones caught sight of her, we knew that Bayquay had acquired something worth having.

I couldn't describe Laura Stephenson as she was then, even if I would. Suffice to say that her brown eyes, sweet expression and charming figure were the most strange and complete contrast imaginable to her uncle's eyes, expression and gouty shape. We all lost our hearts to her.

It was no pretence on my part. In six weeks I buttoned my frockcoat and had it out with her uncle. We were alone in the morning room at the club at the time.

"Particular business, eh?" said he, with a growl and a frown.

Upon the whole, the end of it was I followed his advice and put Laura Stephenson out of my mind—as a possible wife to me.

This being so I let my very particular friends into the secret of my interview with the old man.

"Ha, ha!" then said Raymond Buller, "then there's hope for this child."

No one could charge Buller with living an unduly slow life.

"Do, my dear fellow," I urged him, "try your luck. I do so want to know what he'll say."

"Say! why he's bound to say I'm the very fellow for him. I'll slap him on the back to begin with."

Two or three of the others did nothing to stimulate Buller. They envied him his audacity; their faces said so much for them.

But the next day it proved that our pet scapegrace was as little likely to be Laura's suitor as I myself.

"What did he say?" echoed Buller viciously, as he bit his cigar. "Why, pretty much the same as he said to you, with swearing in. 'Do you swear, Mr. Buller?' he asked, and I thought I could not do less than show him something of my vocabulary. By Jove, though, he cut me short. 'How dare you use such language to me?' he inquired, turning a sort of shot purple. 'And put this in your pipe, Mr. Buller, and smoke it: that however much you might be a man after my own heart, a forward youth like you, who is not ashamed to confess that he drinks heavily, owes more money than he can pay without a wife's help, and is never without a cigar in his mouth except when he is eating or drinking, is not the man for my niece to marry.' He didn't put it quite so delicately, you know," said Buller, "but that is the gist of it."

After this it was generally considered that Laura Stephenson was as unattainable as the stars—at least, for any young man in Bayquay.

Nevertheless we all contrived to do her reverence. Her abounding amiability, in a quiet way, was an added incentive in us to such conduct—where none was needed.

The winter came and then rumors began to get about.

Laura was more fascinating than ever in the pretty sealskin jacket and the little cap she donned in honor of the snow. Her cheeks, too, with the frost in them, made some of our hearts ache. I can vouch feelingly for mine. There were also a subscription dance or two, to say nothing of the Club Ball, and her skill at waltzing was remarkable.

It was after one of these dances that someone started the idea—absurd though it seemed—that little Tommy Flint was caught in the meshes of her charms and was resolved to do what he could to win this priceless girl.

There came a change in Tommy. He began to carry himself quite loftily for so small a man—and poet. His eyes, too, assumed that look of sunny hope that ladies understand so well. This, of course, was easily explained by the fact that he was now often to be met in the more secluded parts of the Bayquay neighborhood, with our fair Laura for sole companion.

It was abominably irritating to the rest of us, but we had no remedy.

About the middle of February, down went the curtain on an act of this play. The General stormed into the club one afternoon, with bloodshot eyes and imprecations, and called for a paltry beverage.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked Ernie Green, who was quenching his thirst at the moment.

"Matter, sir! matter, did you say? Why, just this—I've been made an infernal fool of by one of your precious townsmen. To think that Benben Mackay should have let himself be bamboozled by a whipper-snapper like Flint! The

fellow's run away with my niece, sir—that's what's the matter!"

There were two or three others present. They did nothing but stare for a reply, until Spencer Brown laughed.

At this the General turned on Brown.

"You dare to mock me, sir?" exclaimed he, hotly.

"Not at all, sir," said Brown. "I merely smiled because I should have thought Tommy Flint the very last—"

"Hang your impertinence! There! I've done with you. I'll leave this hole to-morrow!"

We have not seen General Mackay since then.

In about three weeks Tommy and his wife returned to Bayquay—to face the music, as Raymond Buller said.

Tommy had a corner of care in both his eyes, though he did profess to be profoundly contented. He had made it all right with his grandmother, and for the present the young couple occupied the rooms vacated so summarily by General Mackay.

Things seemed tolerably smooth with them, and of course everyone was willing enough to be friends with Tommy and his wife.

But in mid-April the care in Tommy's eyes explained itself. He came to me with a humble plea.

"I say, Smith, will you do me a great favor? Come and dine with me to-night. Excuse the very short notice, but the fact is, my—mother-in-law has telegraphed that she is coming. She is a sort of second edition of her brother, I'm afraid."

"Of the General's?"

"That's it," said he, desperately; and, in a fit of confidence, he opened fire on our late terrible warrior—unmasked all his batteries, so to speak.

It was not enough that General Mackay had, in one way and another, secured a couple of thousand dollars out of Tommy's pocket, and left him heaps of debts to pay; he had further instigated him to elope by telling him that Laura's mother would never consent to such a marriage. In every particular he (Tommy) had been the General's very obedient dupe, and now the reckoning was at hand.

The meeting was quiet enough. Mrs. Stephenson was not the woman to make a scene before others. But we all know her pretty well now, and she is, if you can imagine it, the exact feminine equivalent of her brother, barring his racialities.

In conclusion, I need, I think, only say that Mrs. Stephenson shares the home of Mr. and Mrs. Flint, and suggest that Tommy has had to pay a high price for his wife's beauty and amiability.

It did not take her long to see that there were redeeming features in dear Laura's indiscreet marriage, and whenever she is not lecturing on town platitudes, she is, I am afraid, lecturing in the Flint drawing-room.

A WONDERFUL STORY.—As one of the Panama steamers was leaving the harbor of Havana, a beautiful widow lady named Howard was standing by the gunwale, on which her son, a lad of about four years, was sitting, playing on a sugar flageolet, which his fond mother had purchased for him of an ingenious Spanish confectioner. The child was greatly delighted with the toy, and blew vigorously; while Mrs. Howard seemed to enjoy the little fellow's delight as much as he did the flageolet.

The transcendent beauty of the mother and the angelic loveliness of the child riveted every eye that observed them, and various were the speculations advanced as to their history. After some time a sailor shouted, "A shark! A shark!" and everybody crowded to see the huge creature that was swimming alongside the vessel.

As the passengers were remarking upon the appearance of the shark, a shriek was suddenly heard—then a splash; and quick as lightning the ravenous monster darted upon his prey. Little Tommy Howard had fallen from the gunwale, and the widowed mother was now childless.

Mrs. Howard, who had fainted, was carried below in a state of insensibility. The shark still swam by the vessel's side. Some of the men determined, if possible, to avenge little Tommy's death; and baiting a huge hook with a piece of fresh beef, they threw it overboard.

Almost immediately the shark swallowed it, and fifty stalwart arms pulled lustily at the stout rope. He was an immense monster and struggled violently. As soon as his nose was pulled well out

of the water, a number of Californians began to practice pistol-shooting at his eyes.

Their balls soon put a quietus upon him, and he was hauled, lifeless and limp, on board. When his huge bulk had been stretched along the deck, it was proposed that he should be opened, and the remains of the boy taken from his stomach and given Christian burial. The proposition was immediately acted upon, and soon the carcass was laid open; when, to the utter astonishment of everybody, the boy was found snugly seated between a couple of the monster's ribs, still playing his flageolet!

At Home and Abroad.

At Oranienburg, near Berlin, a colony of vegetarians was started some years ago, and is growing slowly but steadily. Founded in 1893 by seven enthusiasts on the subject, there is at present forty-seven homesteads, the abodes of thirty-seven families and ten single men. In addition to the vegetables necessary for their own food they have planted 35,000 fruit trees and 15,000 berry bushes, and fenced in the entire property with a hedge of hazel nuts.

THE OAR, in spite of his insignificant physique, is no mean athlete, and is a firm believer in all healthy exercises. Every morning, as soon as it is light, he runs a verat (about five furlongs) at a good speed, usually timing himself by a watch he carries in his hand. His average time for this distance is a shade under three minutes—by no means a bad performance. He is a keen cyclist, and is seldom happier than when he is astride his favorite bicycle with a rook-ride in his hand. He prides himself on being able to bring down three rooks out of seven while riding at a good pace.

The ex-Empress of Mexico, widow of Maximilian who was shot by the Mexicans, still survives; but in the sad, white-haired woman of fifty-seven it is impossible to see any trace of the fair young bride who accompanied her husband so many years ago to his kingdom. The strain of the terrible time when Maximilian was deserted and ruthlessly murdered destroyed the young Empress' reason, and in this pitiable condition she has remained ever since. She still imagines that she is an Empress, and her medical attendants propose, as she is now a little stronger, to take her to Mexico, in the hope that the sight of her old surroundings may have a beneficial effect on her brain.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

Our Young Folks.

AS NEVER BEFORE.

BY M. S.

THE cream-colored adobe house of Senor Don Luis was the finest in New Mexico between Santa Fe and the Sandia Mountains.

From the wide verandas one looked across a beautiful valley to the low foothills covered with Pinore trees, and up, up, towards the sky, to purple mountains, dark in shadows but gold in the sun.

Summer and winter the handsome Spanish senora kept her scarlet jugs and jars on the verandas, filled with plants and flowers. On the low roofs hung yellow grain and dried grasses, mixed with red peppers. The floors of the house were tiled, and tiny fire places built in the corners of each room.

The senor and senora had no children in this home. In a lonely graveyard just beyond the orchard, were buried two little sons—Santa and Antonio. The senora was sad, and scarcely a day went by that she did not go in the sunrise or the sunset with blossoms or vines to lay on their graves.

San Antonita was a small Indian village, three miles from Don Luis' home. The Mexicans and Indians were very happy there in houses built of Pinore boughs or of adobe bricks, or holes dug in the hillsides, called "dog-outs," where eight or ten men, women and children lived together.

Father Orlega, from Santa Fe, came always to the village to hold services for Christmas, New Year and Easter. Mass was said early in the morning in the senora's chapel, and in the evening of New Year's she was to give a feast to all the children.

It was always a jolly event, and Felipe, the little musician of San Antonita, was engaged to sing and play on his violin. From his earliest recollections, to play for the senora was his dearest and most sacred privilege.

His old father, blind Ramone, was the Mexican fiddler for all the dances and festivals for miles around. Now, little laughing, Spanish-eyed Felipe added his sweet voice and wonderful gift on the violin to all the gayeties of the ceremonies and feasts.

After mass the senora held the little brown hand of the singer a moment, and said:—

"This evening, my dear little friend," but as she drove away down the valley road she said to herself:—

"I wish I had brought Felipe with me, but he was to play at a wedding before night."

The sky grew overcast and gray; the flashes of sunlight flooded the jagged tops of the hills, and shone like gold on the snowy peaks of the mountains.

At midday not a cloud was in the sky, now a fierce wind swept across the country from the north, and over the valleys clouds settled like a veil.

The air grew dense and icy; a sudden chill crept over everything as from an iceberg. The snow began to fall, and faster and faster it blew and drifted into the rocks and hills.

The little Mexicans and their scrubby donkeys ran and leaped down the hillsides with all their might, for they understood these sudden storms in the mountains well.

The lambs and goats scrambled to their corals, and many of their herders ran into the chapel for safety.

Sometimes in Mexico out of a clear sky, with a hot sunshine beating down on the brown earth, such a storm as this bursts upon the high mountain land, lasting only a few hours in such severe violence.

The curtain of gray just as suddenly parts and goes away, leaving the hills and valleys white as in an Arctic region. By another midday the brown hills are bare, and the streams are filled with melted snow.

The wedding at Carmen's house was postponed, blind Ramone remaining in the chapel, while Felipe, with his precious fiddle tucked in a thick cloth bag and swung across his shoulder, had started down the road leading to Don Luis' home.

The hardy little man was quite used to the long walk, and paid little heed to the warnings given him of the storm already begun. Keeping time to his quick steps with a merry little song, he noticed his path had suddenly grown very white; his eyes were blinded with the icy wind, and faster fell the snow.

On and on he stumbled and plodded; he began to climb the hills. He was to pass over the other side of the rocks before he reached the valley. He held his fiddle in his arms, and prayed and sang. A thick curtain of snow covered him, and he had to feel his way.

Everyone knew blind Ramone and the little musician of San Antonita, and terror spread from the village to the chapel; from the big copper mine in the pretty camp near the Sandias to the house of the senora, that Felipe was lost in the storm.

The superintendent of the mine rang the bells, blew the horns at the smelters, and the men at the mine, the gold mill, the charcoal pits and the camp ran to see who rang the call for them to gather together.

The Mexicans and the white men on the swiftest horses galloped towards the mountains. The great fires flashed over the snow from the smelting furnaces, the engines puffed and panted, the crushers in the stamp mills thundered through the storm. Juan, the big Indian hunter, started out on foot, for he was used to getting deer in the mountains.

At last the snow ceased to fall, the wind lulled, and the sky cleared. The horsemen fired guns and pistols as they plunged through drifts, across the wide, white valley.

Quick, sudden flashes and the reports in quick succession rang from hill to hill. Not a track of man or beast on the white ground. The whole country was silent and cold as death.

The horsemen crossed the valley, and the gray sky had turned to silver. The moon came out as clearly beautiful as if the whole world had already forgotten the storm.

The horses were led, the hills climbed, and every hiding place examined. They lost their footing and stumbled into chasms and ditches, and no sound, no trace of the lost boy.

"Leave the animals below with Alessandro; climb up these rocks; the miners blasted here last year; we'll find the chap!" shouted Juan, as he sprang from craggy point to sharp rock, and brushed off snow with a tree-top he dragged behind him.

Again the guns were fired; heads bent almost to the ground as they breathlessly listened. They crept on their hands and knees, and swung themselves over dangerous chasms.

"Boys, I see a light! Fire a pistol; another!"

Twice, three times, and then silence like the grave. Again they lay on the ground and listened, as for life. Juan whispered as he crawled downward towards a great gorge at the foot of the rocks.

"Hark! hark! Felipe! It is indeed Felipe!"

Far away in the perfect stillness a sweet young voice sang, in boyish, high, clear notes, the hymn to the Virgin.

Juan leaped like a deer from rock to rock. Two Mexicans followed him. They shouted and yelled and hallooed, while the ponies far off whinnied and pranced in the snow at the sound of their masters' voices.

"A smoke!" and a faint flicker of fire-light across the chasm at their feet. They crawled along the narrow place and again listened.

The sweet child voice sang over and over, underneath the rocks. One bound! one cry of joy! and Juan held the little singer in his big arms. The rocky cave was glittering with the blue and green of the rough copper ore.

The place was dark in the shadow of the rocks, and by a little fire of twigs and leaves crouched Felipe, his head bandaged with his red handkerchief, and the precious fiddle wrapped in a mantle of leaves by his side.

With all the passionate exclamations of the Mexican and Indian tongue, Juan hugged the child to his breast, while he asked:—

"Are you hurt, Felipe? How did you get here, and are you faint and cold?" Oh, that all the boys and girls could hear the musical Spanish words as little Felipe told his story.

With the fiddle once more strapped to his shoulders, Juan took Felipe on his back, as if he were game, and climbed to the top of the rocks.

Shouts of joy rang through the foothills and across the valley, as with the moonlight over the snow the horsemen went towards San Antonita, towards the camp, and carried the good tidings.

Wrapped in a blanket and carried by Alessandro on his pony, Felipe reached the senora's house amid cheers and songs of joy.

"I must play for the beautiful senora to-night. She will wait for me."

"But you are weak, and the wound from the rocks is bad, and—"

"Ah, no, Alessandro, I can fiddle! I can sing."

Colored lanterns hung on the verandas, the paths and roads were all cleared away. The groups of dark-faced children already come to the feast, gathered to meet Felipe at the door.

The storm had made them late in coming, but for miles they had been brought on burros, in strong arms or in heavy wagons. For none were allowed to miss the feast.

The senora bade them carry the child to her own room, where with tears and joyful prayers she welcomed him. His wound was slight, but with her own soft fingers she bathed and dressed it, and from the bountiful wardrobe of her own little son she brought out some bright, dry clothing.

In a jacket, all braided in silver, and a crimson sash knotted over the short trousers, with silk stockings and dainty shoes, Felipe was led before the waiting guests, with the honor of a king.

"Play, Felipe, play! Sing a hymn of thanksgiving."

Standing on the raised platform beside the musicians from Santa Fe, with the pale pink cluster of mistletoe, like drops of wax hanging over his head, the little musician of San Antonita tucked his fiddle under his chin, fixed his radiant dark eyes on the face of "his beloved senora," and played and sang with all the soul of music within him.

Strong men wept, and the senora knelt in prayer; the children joined in the song, and they sang praises to Heaven for the rescue of Felipe, as they never sang before.

MEMORY'S TRICKS.—Of all human faculties that of memory is the most mysterious. Whilst, without doubt, it is the most useful, it is perhaps the least understood of one's faculties.

A peculiar disease of the brain is called aphasia, and some of its manifestations have been most peculiar. It seems that it is the memory—or lack of it—of proper names that aphasia first asserts itself.

This is accounted for by the theory that proper names are held in the mind by the fewest ties of association. Therefore, the first symptoms of aphasia are often the forgetting of one's own name and those of close friends.

Some two months since the police of a small northern town were surprised by a man entering headquarters and asking for aid in identifying himself. He had forgotten who he was, and could remember nothing that had occurred the previous day.

A man named Helong afflicted with this peculiar disease had lost the power to recognize more than four words. "Yes," "no," "three," and "helo"—the last word a mutilated edition of his own name.

Asked whether he had children he would reply "Three," but held up four fingers. "How many boys?" "Three," and two fingers were held up. When questioned as to the number of girls he acted in the same manner, and in answer to the query, "What is the time?" he replied "Three," but held up ten fingers—the actual hour.

An attache of the German Embassy at St. Petersburg went out one morning to make a round of social calls, and on going into a house where the servant, not knowing him, asked for his name in order to announce it, the diplomat forgot it, and had to turn to another visitor for aid.

This ludicrous predicament had something of a parallel in the case of Sir Henry Holland, who spent several hours in exploring a mine in the Harz Mountains, and getting faint from fatigue forgot every word of German, in which language he had been conversing with his guide.

Sir Henry could not recollect enough to make the request to be taken out of the mine, and not until he came to the surface and enjoyed a good lunch did he recover his command of the language.

Of all the gifts to be desired, next to goodness of heart, tact and gentleness of manner are the most desirable. A brusque, shy, curt manner, a cold indifference, a snappish petulance, a brutal appearance of stolidity, antagonize and wound, and rob even really kind actions of half their virtue. It is worth while to do a kind thing gracefully and tactfully. There is a certain propriety of demeanor which never makes a mistake, which guards the feelings of a loved one as carefully as a mother cherishes her delicate little child. In time such tact becomes natural, and makes others happy.

The World's Events.

There are 40,000 artists in Paris, more than half of them painters.

The Greeks and Arabians used the violet as a cure for wounds.

Of the 51,000 breweries estimated to be in the world, 26,000 are in Germany.

Two volcanoes in Iceland are advertised for sale in a Copenhagen paper. The price asked is about \$500.

It is the boast of the dairymen of Holland that in their country there is a cow to every inhabitant.

In the East the rose of Jericho is said to blossom at Christmas, close at Good Friday, and open again on Easter morn.

The vulture's eye is so constructed that it is a high-power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at a great distance.

Endless leather belts, acting as moving staircases, convey the patrons of a large Parisian store from one floor to another.

In Aix-la-Chapelle eight hundred tons of steel wire are used up annually in the manufacture of needles—4,500,000,000 in number.

The bicycle marriage has evidently had its day, and the very latest thing in London is for the party to go to the church by electric cab.

The University of Calcutta is said to be the largest educational corporation in the world. Every year it examines over ten thousand students.

Flies dry up and die on the approach of cold weather, and from the eggs laid by them during the summer comes a fresh brood in the following spring.

Birds eat poke berries in preference to other kinds when they wish to cut down their weight so as to fly well. Some of the anti-int remedies contain poke berry juice.

At the Czar's coronation ceremonies at Moscow there were 2,500 yards of American moquette carpeting used. Eight thousand were used at Queen Victoria's jubilee.

The mole is not blind, as many persons suppose. Its eyes are hardly larger than a pin head, and are carefully protected from dust and dirt by means of enclosing hairs.

Seven years ago a dynamo of eighty horsepower was a wonder, but to-day dynamos of 2,000 horsepower are not exceptional, and electric locomotive engines of 100 tons' weight are demanded.

The most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most westerly, Atto Island, Alaska; the most northerly, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southerly, Key West, Fla.

Almonds are imported from France, Spain, Italy, and the Levant. The long sweet almonds known as Jordan almonds, from Malaga, and the broad almonds from Valencia, are considered best.

The proportion of killed to the number of railway travelers is: In France, one in nineteen million; Great Britain, one in twenty-eight million; and in the United States, one in two million four hundred thousand.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that with eighteen various colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

The eyeball rests in a cushion of fat, by which it is surrounded on every side. When the system becomes greatly emaciated through disease, this fat is absorbed and the eye sinks further into the head, thus giving the sunken appearance so common to disease.

Heat holidays have been established by law in the public schools of Switzerland. Recognizing the well-known fact that the brain cannot work properly when the heat is excessive, the children are dismissed from their tasks whenever the thermometer goes above a certain point.

BEFORE A GIRL MARRIES

She ought, if possible, to learn to play the piano. Music is a great factor in a home. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will send a girl, free of all expense, to any musical conservatory she likes; pay her board and give her a piano in her own room. 300 girls have already been so educated, free.

The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

WITH PEACE AND LOVE.

BY D. R.

Farewell, old year! e'en while we hail
The new-born king to-day,
Our hearts must grieve for thee, old friend,
That thou hast passed away.
Full merrily thou comest here,
Just twelve short months ago,
And it with thee came shadows, too,
'Twas not thy fault, we know.

Yet sunshine came with thee, as well,
And thou wert true to some
Who cannot bear to let thee go,
That a new king may come.
But we will trust that he has brought
Good gifts from God above,
And may his reign be bright and fair,
And filled with peace and love.

HUMOR IN THE TEXT.

Curious things are on record in the matter of sermon-texts. When ladies wore their "topknots" ridiculously high it occurred to Rowland Hill to admonish them from the pulpit, and he did it by means of the words, "Top-knot, come down," which he evolved from Matthew where he says, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down."

Of course nothing but the exceeding quaintness of the preacher could have excused such a liberty with the sense and sound of the sacred text. It was almost as bad as Swift's uniquely brief discourse on the text, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." "My friends," said the Dean, as he closed the book, "if you approve of the security, down with the dust." As a matter of fact, it is usually only the quaint preachers who do venture on such liberties.

Even on the sombre subject of matrimony the clerical humorist has had his joke in the way of texts. Sometimes, no doubt, the humor has been unconscious, as when the absent-minded preacher, forgetting that his congregation were on the tiptoe of expectation in regard to a recent capture by one of their lady members, announced as his text, "Behold! the bridegroom cometh." But more often the humor, it may be suspected, has been intentional. So, at any rate, the young bride must have regarded it when, having extracted a promise of a wedding sermon from her vicar, she heard the text announced, "Yea, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth"—the honeymoon, of course!

The New England Puitan fathers were especially good at this kind of thing, partly no doubt because they shared to such an extent their domestic joys and sorrows with the members of their congregation. Parson Turell—of whom Dr. Holmes has written, "Over at Medford he used to dwell"—had for his first wife a handsome brunette, and the first sermon he preached after his wedding was from the text, "I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

When he married a second time, the bride very likely had the choice of the text, for it was found to be, "He is altogether lovely; this is my beloved, and this is my friend." Brides really were allowed to select the texts in those days of New England history. Thus, when a certain John Physick and Mary Prescott were married in Portland in 1770, the lady gave the preacher the following text for the bridal Sunday: "Mary hath chosen that good part."

Again, when Abby Smith, daughter of Parson Smith, married Squire John Adams—whom her father disliked so much that he declined having him home to dinner—she chose this text for her wedding sermon: "John came neither eating bread nor drinking water, and ye say he hath a devil." The high-spirited bride, it is interesting to note, had the honor of living to be the wife of one President of the United States and the mother of another.

It is indeed almost incredible what things were done by the New England divines in the way of making their texts suitable for occasions and events. Dr. Mather Byles, of Boston, being disappointed through the non-appearance of a minister named Prince, who had been expected to deliver the sermon, himself preached from the text, "Put not your trust in princes."

Texts have often been chosen with the view of conveying a gentle admonition to some one of the preacher's hearers who might be supposed in special need of it. The best story in this connection is perhaps that of the very evangelical old canon who had a son of advanced ritualistic tendencies. In due course the younger cleric obtained a living, and was very anxious that his father should preach in his church. At last, after long delay and much persuasion, the canon consented, and the rector was delighted. His joy was, however, short-lived; for when the old man gave out his text, it ran, "Lord, have mercy upon my son, for he is a lunatic."

One minister in a New England community once felt it necessary to reprove a money-making parishioner who had stored and was holding in reserve (with the hope of higher prices) large quantities of corn which was sadly needed for consumption in the town. The parson preached from the very appropriate text in Proverbs, "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." As he grew warmer in his application of the text, he expected to see some signs of penitence in the corn-dealer; but that worthy only sat up stiff and defiant. At last the preacher could bear it no longer, and roared out, "Colonel Ingraham! Colonel Ingraham! you know I mean you; why don't you hang down your head!" The Colonel should have belonged to the congregation of the colored preacher who deplored that he could not say a word to his people about stealing chickens because "it would throw such a coldness over de meeting."

There is at least one case on record of a man finding a libel in the words of a hymn given out by his minister; and, no doubt, if we had some of the old humorists in the pulpit in these days there would be instances of libel in the sermon-text too. An English clergyman had two curates, one a comparatively old man, the other very young. With the former he had not been able to work agreeably; and on being invited to another living, he accepted it, and took the young curate with him. Naturally there was a farewell sermon; and we can imagine the feelings of the curate who was to be left behind when he heard the text given out, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship."

Grains of Gold.

Toil and pleasure, in their nature opposites, are yet linked together.

No one can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

The great danger in trying to get something for nothing is that you may get what you deserve.

The true greatness of man is to be found in his capacity for forming cherishing ideals, and those only the best.

The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

The best equipment for well-doing is in the experience gained from having done well before. The reward of performing one duty is the power to fulfil another.

No man is beaten until he gives up. To stop trying is the only defeat. Many a man owes success to the fact that he never seemed to know when he was beaten.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends. It involves many things, but above all is the power of going out of oneself and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.

Femininities.

The most dangerous kind of flattery is the very common kind that we bestow upon ourselves.

Most of us feel that we are profound authorities on the management of other people's children.

A grand-daughter of the Duke of Argyll is an accomplished bagpiper, and headed a Highland band in a march.

One of the best toasts ever given: "Woman—the last word on our lips, because it comes from the bottom of our hearts."

We often hear of a person who has command of many languages, but it is seldom that one is mistress of her own tongue.

According to law, a lady witness must raise her veil and expose her face, so that the jury may judge by her features as to her truthfulness.

A wealthy lady recently ordered an apron that cost \$500. It is made of Brussels rose point in a floral scroll design, and has a border of roses.

It has been demonstrated that women-promoters' voices are more distinct on the stage and are less audible in the auditorium than men's voices.

A German poet says that a young girl is a fishing rod; the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.

Burmese couples have an excellent way of composing their domestic differences. They separate for a time, each enjoying a spell of single life, and then they return to their former companionship.

Friend from the next street (to happy father): "Hallo, Jills, let me congratulate you! I hear that you have a new boy at your house." Happy Father: "By George! can you hear him all that distance?"

"But I am so unworthy, darling!" he murmured, as he held the dear girl's hand in his. "Oh, George!" she sighed, "if you and papa agreed upon every other point as you do on that, how happy we could be!"

Lady: "But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience."

Bridget: "Sure, marm, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?"

The Russians say: "Twice is a woman dear—when she comes to the house, and when she leaves it." "Before going to war, say a prayer; before going to sea say two prayers; before marrying, say three prayers."

"I believe you'd stand before a mirror all day," said Mr. Closely snappishly, "doing nothing but changing your dresses."

"Perhaps I would," replied Mrs. Closely dreamily, "if I had the dresses."

"Why did you resign from the militia?" asked the fair visitor of her hostess.

"The colonel said I must have my helmet trimmed just like the other helmets in the regiment, and I simply wouldn't stand it."

Why they never speak.—Mrs. Newlywed: "Would you work for a husband after marriage?"

Mrs. Oldtied: "Not if I had to work as hard for one as you did before you got yours."

An autobiography of "Charlie Wilson," or Catherine Coombs, has been published in England. For forty-two years this strange being paraded in masculine attire and married two women, who lived with her for years without betraying her secret.

Drusilla: "I did not see you at the Swell-ton's reception last night, dear."

Dorothy: "No; I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented."

Drusilla (sweetly): "Yes; I know the invitations were limited."

A little square of soft leather rubbed over with prepared chalk and then taken out, serves many a fair one instead of the more palpable powder puff. If a "hem stitched" handkerchief be carried, one hem can be opened, the little leather rolled up, pushed in, and so secreted.

Tortoiseshell cats are said to have come originally from the Danish island Langean, which is also the home of the finest dogs, called "Great Danes." The famous dogs, as in the case of horses, display a great fondness for tortoiseshell cats, with whom they form inseparable companionships.

At a reception given in honor of President McKinley a short time ago a little girl, instead of just shaking hands like the grown-up folk put up her mouth to be kissed.

She was a very little girl, and her mouth was very sweet and tempting. Before anybody could realize it the President stooped down and kissed her.

"Why, Dollie!" said her astounded mother, after they had passed out. "How could you?" "Well," replied the little girl, "I fought it would be interestin' to tell my grandchildren."

"Why is it that the attendants in telephone offices are all women?" Mrs. Brown asked her husband.

"Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone offices were aware that no class of attendants work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labor; and they knew that women would be fond of the work in the telephone offices."

"What is the work in a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired.

"Talking," answered Mr. Brown; and the conversation came to an end.

Masculinities.

No man can make a fool of himself all the time. He has to sleep occasionally.

The Lieutenant Governor of Ohio gets \$800 a year; the Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania gets \$5,500.

When a man takes your hand with a firm, cordial grasp, it is a sure sign that his heart is full or his purse empty.

There is one thing to be said for the man who makes himself the burden of his conversation—he is full of his subject.

An optimist is a man who goes around all the time with an idiotic smile insisting that other men have something wrong with their livers.

Every man has a sort of an idea that the Lord wouldn't be mean enough to pay no attention to all the praying his wife has done for him.

Before the average man gets his name written on the scroll of fame somebody or something jogs his elbow and spoils the signature.

Colored Britons have formed a club in London. They come from Demerara, Trinidad, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone, and most of them are medical or law students.

The German Emperor has the reputation of being an excellent marksman. It is estimated that in the course of his career as a sportsman he has killed over 30,000 head of game.

Admirals and generals are of equal rank, but the former take precedence whenever two officers belonging to each grade meet together, the Navy being considered the more distinguished service.

The names of habitual drunkards in Laubon, Prussian Silesia, are printed, and a list is given to each innkeeper. Any person supplying one of them with intoxicants is subject to a heavy fine.

To know, and to think that we know not, is the highest pitch of merit. Not to know, and to think that we know, is the common malady of men. If you are afflicted at this malady, you will not be infected with it.

Harlow Spencer, of Fort Spring, Ky., now seventy-six years of age, vowed fifty-three years ago that he would never again vote, because of the defeat of Henry Clay, and he has kept his vow, in spite of the appeals of all his friends.

A St. Louis thief who stole a pair of hose from a young woman denied the charge when in court the next day. The judge ordered an examination, and, when the thief's trousers were rolled up, the missing hose were revealed in all their gorgeous hues.

William H. Kroger, of San Francisco, thrashed the clergyman who married him because he was asked to pay what he thought was too large a fee. Mrs. Kroger then refused to live with her husband, evidently being in fear of Kroger's style of argument.

A sensibly planned library is completely lined with bookcases to the height of a rather tall wainscoting, with no shelves running farther up the wall, so that every book may be easily reached, and portable steps—that library bugbear which has kept many a good book in retirement—need never be brought into requisition.

"Where's the hammer, Anna Maria?" "In the attic, John." "If you saw it in the attic, why didn't you bring it down?" "I didn't see it." "Then who did?" "No one that I know of." "Then how in creation do you know it's in the attic?" "I heard you up there yesterday driving a nail."

He found his hair was leaving him at the top of his head, and took his barber to task about it. "You sold me two bottles of stuff to make the hair grow—" "It is very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber; "I can't understand it." "Well, look here," said the man, "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last!"

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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

Latest Fashion Phases.

Of some evening dresses seen of late a notable one was a green silk, panelled at the back and side with accordion-pleated black net; the front is trimmed at the foot with puffing of chiffon, above which are rows of black and gold passementerie; the bodice is of silk, covered with chiffon which is continued in loops below the waist; the front, of gold and white brocade, is pointed above the bust; the sleeves are composed of bows of green ribbon, with pleatings of chiffon at the back.

In another dress was pale blue silk striped with a narrow line of black, and with flowers and foliage between; the foot of the skirt is trimmed with fan-shaped pleatings of white chiffon, the bodice is tight-fitting, and is trimmed round the top with fan-pleatings of chiffon, which also compose the short sleeves.

Another handsome gown of the same kind had the skirt of yellow and mauve figured silk, trimmed with rosettes of black ribbon velvet on the hips; lines of the velvet extend from these rosettes nearly to the foot of skirt, where they terminate in bows; the bodice is of mauve broche, draped with white lace, headed by a row of unmounted pink roses, which form a point over a full chemise of chiffon; the sleeves are of chiffon, ornamented with rosettes of velvet and clusters of roses.

The skirt of an elegant dinner dress was of geranium colored satin duchesse, ornamented with applique patterns of black Chantilly lace and black silk and bead embroidery; the full bodice is of chiffon, made of plain silk lining; it has a deep belt of black velvet; the square cut top is finished with jet and gold passementerie; the puffed sleeves are of chiffon, with puffs at the top.

Coat bodices of black velvet with fairly long basques are being used on many of the new French dresses for the winter; and given a graceful and elegant figure, they are undoubtedly becoming. I saw one of these velvet coats the other day worn with a skirt of black and white striped woolen stuff, the skirt being perfectly plain and very wide and full. The coat bodice had double revers, the upper ones being of Russian sable, and the others of the black and white striped material.

The sable revers were carried round the back of the coat in the form of a very high Medievals collar, which could be worn either standing up or turned down, and which looked equally well either way. Here again there was that touch of vivid color, without which no French gown seems complete this season, in the form of a folded collar band of bright emerald-green velvet, an uncommon contrast with the black and white of the skirt, and at the same time a perfect harmony with the rich brown tones of the Russian sable.

Jewelry embroideries continue to hold their own, more especially as far as evening dresses are concerned. A very dainty ball gown with a plain skirt of pale blue satin duchesse, lined with Malmesbury pink silk, has a lovely little bodice, pouched slightly back and front, and very finely tucked, the tucks running down from the decollete to the waist, and each tiny tuck sewn with small diamonds. The effect is brilliant in the extreme, and yet at the same time very dainty.

The waistband is of blue satin, tightly swathed round the figure, and finished in the centre of both back and front with big satin bows, the upright ends of which are caught against the bodice with small diamond ornaments.

The sleeves consist merely of two or three airy puffs of pale blue tulle, while the delicate color of the lining is cleverly repeated in the clusters of Malmesbury carnations which find a place on one side of the quaint little gathered chemise of pale blue chiffon, together with a bunch of lilies of the valley.

The always successful combination of daffodil yellow with heliotrope is seen to great advantage in another lovely evening gown, the skirt of which is made of yellow brocade, lined and ruched inside the hem with heliotrope silk.

The bodice is cut square, and covered with draperies of daffodil yellow chiffon, exquisitely embroidered with pearls, both black and white, tiny diamonds and a light tracery of fine gold thread. Round the shoulders there is a fichu of very fine lace, caught up on one side with a bunch of mauve lilac, but arranged so that the

long ends, after being drawn through a narrow folded waistband of mauve mirror velvet, droop gracefully over the skirt, for some little distance below the knee.

There is a curious revival this season in some of the very smartest evening gowns of the long straight draperies of net, gauze, back of the skirts only, and which were known some years ago as "waterfall backs."

The mode is a pretty one, and in its modernized form is sure of a certain measure of success. It certainly lent an air of great distinction to a charming dance dress, which will be included in the trousseau of a youthful bride whose wedding will take place very shortly.

The gown in question is of pink satin, with an overskirt of pink point d'esprit net, covered in front and at the sides, from the waist to the knees, with a second drapery of silver-embroidered net, the "vermicelli" designs being traced in glittering silver paillettes. Below this drapery there is a gathered flounce of point d'esprit net, bordered with ruffles and ruffles of pink chiffon, and headed by a wreath of wild pink roses, the graceful outline of which gives a kind of tablier effect to the draperies of silver-embroidered net.

The whole of the back of the skirt is under a "waterfall" drapery of point d'esprit net, the effect of which is exceedingly graceful, giving great length and elegance to the figure. The dainty bodice is in every way worthy of this original and effective skirt. It has draperies of pink satin coming from one shoulder, while the other half of the bodice is covered with the silver-embroidered net. The folds are drawn down under a satin waistband, while the decollete is wreathed round with wild roses. The sleeves are quite small and very original, as one is made of pink satin and the other composed entirely of point d'esprit net.

Odds and Ends.

USEFUL HINTS ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Dry bread is much easier of digestion than fresh. It is estimated by physiologists that over ten per cent of dry bread undergoes salivary digestion while being masticated, while of fresh bread less than two per cent is thus changed.

Local Applications.—The object of poultices, etc., is to relax the skin and the surrounding tissues and to apply warmth and moisture to any one part of the body, so causing a superficial redness to relieve a deeper inflammation causing pain.

Linseed Meal Poultice.—Pour boiling water into a basin, stir quickly with one hand and shake in with the other, sufficient linseed meal to make the poultice of a consistency to spread smoothly on a piece of rag or flannel, the edges of which should be turned over the ends of the poultice in order to make it look neat.

See that everything is in readiness before beginning to mix the poultice. Warm the utensils, and see that the water boils. Let the poultice be light and not too wet. Change the poultice frequently so that the person never feels it getting cold.

A Bread Poultice.—To make this, use coarse bread crumbs from stale bread, stirred into a basin of hot water, cover up and put to stand by the fire for three or four minutes, strain the water off, and add fresh water, boiling, pour it off and spread the poultice on rag or flannel and apply with muslin or tissue paper over the surface, otherwise the gluten in the bread is apt to stick on the skin and form a crust.

Mustard should be mixed with cold water from one teaspoonful to half an ounce of laudanum, according to the size required, and apply with oil silk over it to keep in the heat.

Turpentine Stoup.—This can be made in the same way as a laudanum fomentation, or a better plan is to sprinkle the folded flannel first with from two spoonfuls to one ounce of turpentine, and then wring out in boiling water; by this method the turpentine gets more equally distributed all over the flannel, and is not so likely to cause little blisters.

When carrying poultices from one room to another it is a good plan to put them between two hot plates to keep them hot. Always if possible use a wringer made like a small round towel with a stick run through each end; when wringing out fomentations it saves burning the hands. A patent fomentation

heater saves all heating of water or trouble of wringing, and may be bought for about 25 cents; it also warms up poultices, so that they may be used again if necessary.

A Cotton Wool Jacket can be made with cotton-wool tacked inside a calico jacket; it is useful, and often better than a poultice in cases of lung disease. When applying blistering fluid mark out the size of the blister required with oil or ointment to prevent the fluid running down the skin and so causing a blister of too large an extent.

Charcoal Poultice.—One ounce of charcoal to four ounces of linseed meal or bread crumbs, stir the charcoal in while mixing, and sift finely-powdered charcoal over the surface before applying. Useful in cases of old sores and ulcers.

Bran Poultice.—Make a flannel bag, partly fill with bran, sew it up and pour boiling water over it, wring out and apply; or, the bran may be baked and applied dry. Salt bags may be used in the same way.

Fomentations.—Wring folded flannel out in boiling water and apply with oil silk over it to keep in the heat.

Soda Fomentations.—Two ounces of soda to one pint of boiling water; useful in some cases of rheumatism.

Poppy head Fomentation.—Break up the heads of two poppies, and boil them in two pints of water, till the quantity is reduced one half. Wring out folded flannel in decoction, and apply; useful in cases of pain, when severe.

Balloons.—One pint of milk, one pint of flour, three eggs, one saltspoonful of salt; separate the eggs, beat them light, mix with the milk, stir in the flour gradually; beat it well; whisk the white until stiff and dry, butter small cups, fill half full, bake in a quick oven, and send to the table hot.

Gateau of Apples.—In a quart of water boil three pounds of loaf sugar till a thick syrup is obtained. Then core and peel four pounds of good cooking apples, and add to the syrup. Squeeze in the juice of three lemons and boil all together till nearly a paste. Pour into moulds, and when cold turn out a solid jelly.

Minute Pudding.—Three cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of boiling water, a cupful of flour, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt. Put two cupfuls of milk into the double boiler, and use remaining cupful to mix the flour to a cream. Add the hot water to the hot milk, and bring to the boiling point. Beat the eggs light, stir them into the flour mixture, add the salt, and pour into the boiling milk and water. Cook for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Serve hot with lemon or vanilla sauce.

Veal Cutlets.—Roll in bread crumbs, and fry slowly until browned. When done, pour the following sauce over them and serve. Sauce.—One large teaspoonful of tomatoes, one teaspoonful of flour, and one teaspoonful of butter, rubbed together, a little salt, a dash of red pepper. Cook five minutes.

Prune Pie.—Set a dish of well-washed, clean prunes, covered with water, in an oven fairly well heated, and let them swell. Then take them out and remove the pits, and take the pits and water in which the prunes have soaked, and, adding a little more, stew the pits for half an hour; this liquid must be saved to pour a portion over the prunes when they are in the pie ready to bake. The juice and the prunes must be put in cold. Bake with a top and bottom crust.

Dry Curry of Vegetables.—Fry four sliced onions in two ounces of butter till of a golden brown; then add a dessert-spoonful of good curry powder, a little parsley and thyme, and some cayenne. Fry this also, then add the strained juice of a lemon and a bare half-pint of water or brown vegetable stock; let it cook till the mixture is dry (mind it does not burn), then mix into it about one and a half pints of any nice cooked vegetables, carrots, cauliflowers (broken up small), beans, etc. Stir them all well together, and serve in a border of plainly boiled rice, garnished with shred chibbites and quartered, hard-boiled eggs.

Easily Made and Economical Frosting.—The white of two eggs will make frosting for two large cakes if properly managed. Beat them up with a little sugar until quite light, then put a tablespoonful of cold water into the dish, mix it slightly with the egg and sugar already there and add more sugar.

This may be repeated until nearly half a cupful of water has been added. The frosting must be well beaten, and may

have any flavoring preferred. Made in this way, it sets quickly and retains its moist and delicate qualities much longer than when made with the egg alone.

Cook-a-leekie Soup.—Peel and cut into slices, about half an inch thick, a couple of leeks; put these and a piece of meat of any kind into the liquor in which meat has been boiled, throw in salt and pepper to taste. Boil slowly for an hour, and add two more leeks, sliced as before, and simmer forty minutes. Then take out the meat, and either serve the soup strained or with the vegetables, according to taste. Leeks are commonly thought of vulgar and common flavor; this is prejudice, as the flavor of the leek is very much more delicate than that of the onion.

Potato Pudding.—Boil peel and mash three pounds of potatoes, to which add a quarter of a pound of finely shred suet, and the same of grated cheese, or beaten herring, mixed with a quarter of a pint of milk, and bake half an hour in a quick oven.

Potato Pot.—Lay small pieces of beef or mutton at the bottom of a deep brown dish; season them with pepper and salt; slice in some onions; peel some potatoes, and fill up the dish with them; pour in some water, sprinkle salt and flour over the potatoes, and bake.

Pancakes.—Cold oatmeal that has been cooked, mixed with an equal measurement of flour—that is, one cup of flour to one of cooked oatmeal—with one beaten egg, half a cup of milk, and a spoonful of baking powder, will make very nice pancakes.

Broiled Lamb Kidneys.—Buy 10 cents' worth of lambs' kidneys and ask the butcher for one of his longest wooden skewers. Split each kidney down the back, but do not sever the core or membrane, so that they may be opened out flat but still be in one piece.

Run the skewer through the centre bit of fat and out again, so that the kidney will lie flat under the skewer. Run the others on in the same way until they are all threaded. This keeps the kidneys from curling up and secures their being equally cooked.

Place the kidneys on a hot buttered gridiron and broil over a bright fire for four minutes, turning often. Have ready in a small dish two tablespoonfuls of hot melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of white pepper and a scant tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Remove the kidneys for the skewer, roll each in the melted butter and seasonings and serve at once on hot plates with thin slices of crisp buttered toast.

LUXURY AND PLEASURE.—It is utterly futile to set up any standard of luxury for all men alike, or indeed for any two men alike. In the first place, tastes and desires differ as widely as the features of the face or the shape of the figure. What gives pleasure to one man may weary another, and disgust a third. What to one is a coveted luxury, to another is an unwelcome burden.

Then, too, the special circumstances which surround each man must regulate his own standard. Much that would give reasonable pleasure to one who owes no man anything would be an unwarrantable luxury to another who must run into debt to secure it.

The pleasures of travel or of study, or of art may be perfectly justifiable for one who has no conflicting duties; but the very same things may be forbidden luxuries to another, who will have to curtail his family's comfort or his children's education to enable him to enjoy them.

So in the life of every one there are times when indulgence in some pleasure is perfectly innocent, and other times when the same gratification ought to be foregone. No one can decide these things for another; each one must accept the responsibility for himself and abide by the consequences.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER AND DOILITY.—Perhaps nothing tends so effectively to graft docility on to a strong character as the ability to gauge the relative value of life's objects; to know where to be firm and where to be pliable; to understand how to be thoroughly independent and at the same time sweetly gracious; to maintain a resolute adherence to right and truth, however unpopular, and also to yield an unimportant point willingly, and to resign a preference cheerfully. This union of wise and manly resolution with genial and loving compliance is one of the most valuable combinations in human character.

EYES GONE BY.

BY T. G. M.

"Sing the song that you sang of old,
In the sweet June eves that are long gone
by,
When the Western arch was a sea of gold,
And the stars peeped out of the pale blue
sky,
When the swallows circling before us flew,
And the corn-crake loud in the clover cried,
When the roses drunk of the crystal dew,
And the white mist rose o'er the valley
wide!

"What hopes were ours in those by-gone
days?
What air-built castles we raised in Spain!
But we wandered far on diverging ways,
And we're meeting now but to part again,
Oh, sing but once—sing the old song o'er,
With its haunting burden of love and truth,
Till the years now gone seem a dream no
more,
And my heart throbs fast with the hopes of
youth!"

Face to Face.

BY O. S. A.

THE first day he made his appearance at the coal pit Joe Gubbins christened him the "Criminal." And the nickname stuck.

He was an unpleasant fellow to gaze upon—dogged, moody, sullen. What the man's story really was no one knew, beyond the fact that he had served a term of imprisonment for some offence, and had come out into the world again without a prospect or tie in life and filled with a queer tigerish resentment against everything generally, that rendered his character both uncertain and dangerous.

A short time after his arrival, Joe Gubbins discovered that the "Criminal" possessed some sort of grudge against the new inspector, Mr. Ingelow; and his soul rose up in wrath. Was there a single ruffian in the mine who was not ready to lay down his life for Mr. Ingelow at a moment's notice?

What the man's marvellous power of commanding admiration and affection was, no one professed to know; but wherever he went love and admiration followed him unfailingly, and the "Criminal's" surly manner to him often, in the dark, brought Joe Gubbins' coal-heaver's fists into an ugly looking attitude.

"Jest let 'im touch a 'air of the inspector's 'ead!" said Mr. Gubbins, with a significant glance out across the pit scarred country, which has buried its undiscovered murders now and then and grown grim with their secret. Mere words were unneeded to emphasize the threat.

Towards the end of summer whispers of a big coal strike began to creep uneasily about the neighboring districts.

Mr. Ingelow fell into the habit of spending the whole of his day either down the mine itself or at its mouth, trying to keep the contagious discontent from spreading into the North Norwell Company.

Among Joe Gubbins' circle of friends there was a secret curiosity as to how the "Criminal" would behave. And a select little meeting of roughs was held one evening among the pit mounds and shag hills, at which Joe Gubbins again expressed his personal opinion, in delicately assorted adjectives, of the "Criminal," and his belief that at that moment the "Criminal" was secretly coaxing the strike fever into North Norwell.

Yet to all outward appearances the huge, sullen fellow pursued his way in the old dogged fashion, addressing no one and seeking no company as usual.

But at the same time it was perfectly obvious as the weeks wore through that he watched the new inspector with a brooding resentment that boded ill in the near future.

The agitation for a coal strike was still going forward all over the country; but so far the North Norwell Company had come through without a serious fall, and Mr. Ingelow was glad in spirit.

A month later one of those happenings for which the pitman is always the least prepared person took place. Shortly after the last cageful of men had descended into the mine one morning an explosion occurred in an old working which had been left and condemned some months previously.

In the panic and darkness that ensued a slouched figure worked itself out of the shadows and began going to and fro among the hurt like a ministering angel. It was the "Criminal." For once the men forgot to shun him. Somewhere or other the awkward fellow had

picked up an elementary knowledge of "first aid," and he applied it to crushed and shattered limbs with a tenderness for which no one could have been expected to give him credit a few minutes earlier.

At the end of an hour or so Mr. Ingelow arrived on the scene, with added lines about his face, which made him appear years older, and the work of getting the injured to the top began.

As far as could be roughly told no man had been killed outright, but the injuries were all more or less serious, and, in one or two cases, critical. Joe Gubbins, who had been half buried under a heap of falling debris, was almost the last to be sent up. As they laid his twisted body on the rough stretcher the old pitman opened his eyes.

"I've did my best to save yer, Mr. Ingelow," he said wearily, "from 'im—the 'Criminal,' I mean. Now someone else'll have to look after yer. If yer'll bring Bill Hard or Joe Hinks 'ere, I'll 'and the job over to 'em afore I go up. I won't come down no more. Mr. Ingelow," he raised his voice, "if 'e 'ad 'urt a 'air of yer 'ead I'd 'ave killed 'im. Lumme, I would."

A queer, almost death-like pallor spread slowly over the inspector's naturally pale face. He looked round sharply, and in a little patch of light made by a Davy lamp on the black floor he and the "Criminal" stood face to face.

Mr. Ingelow gave a hoarse cough and drew back into the dark again. From various corners of the pit rough blessings were being showered on him, and as he listened to them the calm, respected man seemed for an instant to shrink physically before them as if he were blighted.

"I—I want someone to go up with this man," he said presently, in a voice that was almost unrecognizable. "Will you go? He needs looking after."

The "Criminal" slouched forward and gazed down on the ghastly face on the stretcher with a curious wild hunger.

"Yes," he said bitterly. "I'll go. His wife is waiting for him on the top. Every man that was laid out to day had a wife waiting on the top for him to come up. I counted them all—all married—all with a little home depending on him. Only men like you and me get spared, Mr. Ingelow."

In the weeks of delirium that followed the pit explosion Joe Gubbins had a faint memory of a big figure which never left his bedside and which ministered to his wants with the patience of a woman.

It was one evening when a crimson sunset was struggling through the tiny window of the attic bedroom that he came back into consciousness again sufficiently to recognize the figure as that of the "Criminal."

The "Criminal" was seated in the narrow open doorway, with his back to the bed, talking softly as he swung himself to and fro.

"No, it couldn't touch me!—or him! And yet, how I tried to meet it that day! But no! The chaps with wives and little homes depending on them, they must be smitten down! And I and Richard Ingelow must be left!"

"What's that, mate?" demanded Joe Gubbins, lightly, lifting a bandaged head on a bony elbow, and staring at his gaunt companion through the red sunset. "You and Richard Ingelow got left? Yer don't class yerself in with 'im, do yer? Yer ain't got chesk enuf for that, I 'ope!"

The "Criminal" rose heavily and handed Joe a glass of some food stuff to drink. The action seemed to set alight some feeling of gratitude for all that had been done for him in the past weeks, for when Mr. Gubbins next spoke it was in a softer voice.

"Yer was always a queer chap. We couldn't make 'ead or tail of yer at the pit. Some said as it wasn't altogether the prison as made yer so bitter like; but not bein' married, I couldn't see as yer could 'ave any other trouble on yer."

"No, I am not married." The red from the sunset touched the "Criminal's" face with an expression Joe Gubbins had never seen there before; and once again the bandaged head was lifted on the bony elbow.

"Are you in love, mate?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know." A sudden impulsive craving for the human sympathy he had resisted for so long broke the man down; and he began to tell his story against himself.

"You've heard about my being in

prison? It was the one great mad act of my life—I went there to save another man.

"He was one of those men who are made to get the best of life, and he was also my sweetheart's favorite brother. I have found out since what a splendid hypocrite he always was."

"Go on, mate," said Joe Gubbins softly.

"It wasn't so much the case of the man laying down his life for his friend as a case of a man quixotically facing a year's imprisonment to save the girl he loved from learning other crimes which must have been traced to her brother had he been brought to a trial."

The excitement of his confession had forced the giant's voice back into its natural refinement quite unconsciously, and Joe Gubbins listened to him with a dropped lower jaw.

"We were both staying at the same house, and one night our host's desk was broken open and robbed of some valuable papers and a hundred pounds. The suspicion fell on me, and, to save my girl, I let it stay there. As I have said, it was the one great mad act of my life."

The "Criminal" was still rocking himself backwards and forwards. "I could have borne everything if only she had gone on believing in me—"

"Well, mate—?"

"We men have a way of expecting too much from the faith of frail little women. She went off to the Continent somewhere and purposely let all trace of herself get lost. When I came out that was all the clue they could give me to her whereabouts. Oh, Mary! Mary!"

His cry broke suddenly, and he sprang to his feet and faced round to the door. As he did so, once again the "Criminal" and the pit inspector, Mr. Ingelow, stood face to face.

Neither noticed that Joe Gubbins had fallen back on his pillow again in a state of semi-unconsciousness. For an eternal second the silence of the little room remained unbroken by a sound; then the "Criminal" broke the queer pause between them by a hoarse laugh.

Richard Ingelow was white to the lips.

"I suppose you are going to denounce me to the whole neighborhood?" he said desperately.

"No, Oh, no. You were always a splendid hypocrite, Richard Ingelow, and after hearing those roughs blessing you in the pit the other day, I decided to let you go and live your hypocrisy out to the end."

"You've spoiled your sister's life as well as mine, coward that you are—and now I want you to write a full and signed confession of your crime for her to read. Oh, you needn't shrink—I shall spare you before the rest of the world for her sake."

Mr. Ingelow not merely shrank, but as the great fellow moved about the tiny room and produced a piece of paper and pen and ink, big beads of perspiration stood out on his pale forehead like tiny icicles.

"Go on," said the "Criminal," calmly, "write. It isn't such a great return for two broken lives, is it, Richard?"

The hand into which he forced the pen shook all over. For a moment it seemed as if Richard Ingelow were about to fall on his knees and beg the man he had so grievously injured to spare him even this enforced act of reparation; but something in the "Criminal's" attitude held him from this.

He wrote his confession in a dazed way and signed it. The little slip of paper was a document which might have forced him from his high position in the North Norwell Company in the blackest disgrace—this he realized.

He left the room with the realization stinging into his flesh. He walked back across the pit scarred country blindly. To-morrow he would go to the mine as if nothing had happened, and continue his life as the respected and beloved new inspector. Had the company not already raised his salary for his share in subduing the strike fever?

But that little slip of paper burned in Richard Ingelow's memory. It may be that the man was not really so much a hardened villain as an irresponsible coward. But whatever his strange impulse was no man shall rightly know.

As he walked he suddenly found himself going in the direction of an old pit mouth from which the roofing had been lately taken away for repairs. A board over it bore the legend "Dangerous." Each step took him closer and closer to it, but he did not alter his course. Pres-

ently a horrible shriek rang out over the desolate mine mounds and shag hills, and then the lonely grim silence closed down again.

The villain of the "Criminal's" story had put himself beyond earthly judgment for evermore.

CENSORIOUS PEOPLE.—The most conspicuous peculiarity in the censorious mind is that it never makes any allowance for conditions or circumstances which a humane and liberal mind would feel to be somewhat palliative of the error. It is itself the standard for all moral actions. What it feels it would not or should not do, no other person should do.

The ardent and thoughtless impulses of youth—the misfortune of an education wanting in control and guidance—are never taken into account. It would be quite in vain to put in as a defence that, for example, poverty was greatly the cause of the offence.

In their own comfort, they cannot imagine what it is to be pressed by want and temptation; nor, if they could, would they be willing to admit any such excuse. If they reason at all upon the matter, it appears to them that admitting such excuses is only an encouragement to others to go and do likewise. But the fact is they have it not in their natures to so far pity a fellow-creature as to allow for extenuating consideration of any kind.

WALKING EXERCISE.—While people residing in the country can always obtain ample exercise by indulging in pleasant pastimes, it is different for the numerous dwellers "in busy city pent" to get away, and, says a medical contemporary, they consequently suffer oftentimes from dyspepsia and indigestion, and the girl from pale and blotched skins and general languor.

They neglect the one form of exercise open to them, without either expense or trouble—a good sharp walk. Not a slow, aimless ambling, looking into shop windows, but a real determined three or four mile walk, in which every muscle of the body is brought into play—limbs, chest, neck and chin.

Let the pale, languid, anemic girl, who feels too inert to perform the simplest daily task with any pleasure or interest, begin to try it. She will find herself transformed into a healthy happy girl, able to sleep soundly, to rise early, and to perform tasks she would never have dreamed before of undertaking. In fact, walking is such a simple remedy for so many of the ills that flesh is heir to, and a cure so certain to be crowned with success, that the habit of daily exercise, once established, will become a delight and a necessity.

FRENCH army pensioners living in the Hotel des Invalides, who have all received medals for bravery on the field, occasionally drink more than is good for them.

To prevent such veterans making exhibitions of themselves in public, a reward equivalent to fifteen cents is paid to anyone who returns an inebriate invalid to the barracks. Recently, intoxication among the pensioners having increased greatly, it was discovered that a trade in rescuing had arisen, a drink costing seven cents and warranted to act at once, having been devised, which left a clear profit of eight cents per case.

A YOUNG BOY
CAN MAKE MONEY

Through our offer just the same as the "grown-ups." In fact, we would like the boys and girls to become identified with our magazine. We will gladly help them if they will simply write us.

The Ladies' Home Journal

Philadelphia

Humorous.

BESIDE THE HEARTH.

Some other night, you say, shall find
Your heart, your hand, your lips, more kind;
Shall see your eyes deep pools of splendor,
Affire with lights more warm and tender;
Your voice and ear to love inclined.

Ah, yes! my love has long been blind;
It wakes to-night—no more maligned!
It wakes and bids my feet surrender
To other feet upon this fender—
Alas, 'tis plain you have in mind
Some other knight!

They meet to part again—Scissors.

A thing never lost but often found—A
verdict.
Getting into bad habits—trying on badly-
fitting clothes.

Why is a piece of mistletoe like a moun-
taineer?—Because lips meet under it.

What question is that to which you must
always answer "Yes?"—What does y e s
spell?

When may two people be said to be half-
witted?—When they have an understanding
between them.

It is stated that a person who is afflicted
with kleptomania always feels that he ought
to take something for it.

Guest, complainingly, to waiter: "This bill
of fare is all in French."
Waiter, reassuringly: "Niver you moind
that, sur—the cook is Irish."

She: "I wonder who first said, 'It is better
to be born lucky than rich?'"
He: "Some old fool whose wife married
him for his money, I should say."

"Is that clock right over there?" asked an
old gentleman of a little urchin.

"Right over there?" said the boy; "taint
nowhere else."

Caller: "Nellie, is your mother in?"
Nellie: "Mother is out shopping."
Caller: "When will she return, Nellie?"
Nellie, calling back: "Mamma, what shall
I say now?"

A.: "These weather forecasts are very un-
certain."
B.: "What makes you think so?"

"Why, one of them said, yesterday, it
would rain, and it did."

"No man was better inoculated to prejudice
pork than my husband was," says Mrs. Par-
tington; "he knew what good hogs were, he
did, for he had been brought up with 'em
from his childhood."

"Have you a suit of clothes here to fit a
large body of water?"

"No, but we can sell you a needle and
thread with which to sew a potato-patch on
the pants of a tired dog."

Mrs. Grumpy: "What makes you think that
the cook will break her marriage engagement
with the policeman?"

Mr. Grumpy: "Because the bills show that
she is breaking everything she can get near."

A little fellow aged five, when taken on a
visit, seemed surprised at meeting his host,
Mr. Blank, on the staircase, and, on being
asked the reason, answered, "Cause ma says
Mrs. Blank always shuts you up when you're
at home."

Magistrate, to witness: "After the prisoner
gave you a blow, what happened?"

Witness: "He gave me a third one."
Magistrate: "You mean a second one."

Witness: "No, sir, I don't. I landed him
the second one."

Professor, disgustedly: "It's hard to get
any knowledge into your head; your skull's
thick."

Pupil: "But remember, professor, for the
same reason, it will be hard for the knowl-
edge to ever get out."

"May I kiss you, Miss Tenspot?" asked
young Mr. Huggins.

"Have you ever kissed a girl before?" asked
the young lady.

"Never!" asseverated the young man.
"Then you may kiss me. I draw the line at
men who kiss and tell."

Wife: "We have been married twelve years,
and not once in that time have I missed bak-
ing you a cake for your birthday. Have I,
dear?"

Hubby: "No, my pet! I can look back upon
those cakes as so many milestones in my
life!"

"I know," said the somewhat irresponsi-
ble friend, "that you don't believe in signs in
the ordinary sense. But don't you sometimes
find yourself in circumstances which cause
presentiments of evil?"

"Yes; every time some people ask me for a
loan I feel as if I were going to lose money."

"Johnny," said the boy's father, "I suppose
you are going to hang up your stocking this
Christmas."

"No, I'm not," was the reply.

"Why not?"

"Because," the boy answered, looking
straight at his father, "you couldn't put a
bicycle in my stocking."

"I don't see, Ella, how you manage with
your house-money. If I give you a lot, you
spend it; but if I don't give you so much, you
seem to get along."

"Why, that's perfectly simple, my dear
Richard. When you give me a lot, I use it to
pay the debts I run up when you don't give
me so much."

HIS SLIPPERS.

There lived in Bagdad, once upon a
time—(we believe this is the approved
method of commencing an Eastern story)—
a merchant, named Abu Cassem Tam-
buri, celebrated for his penurious dispo-
sition.

Although he was very rich, his clothes
were little better than rags; his turban,
formed of a piece of the coarsest linen,
was so dirty that its original color could
no longer be distinguished; but of his
entire equipment, the slippers were the
articles which in the highest degree
merited the attention of the curious; the
soles were armed with heavy nails, while
the uppers were patched and re-
patched in every conceivable variety of
pattern.

Never had the famous Argo so many
pieces; and during the ten years that
they had been slippers, the most skillful
shoemakers in Bagdad had exhausted
their art in repairing, or endeavoring to
repair, their manifold and various dil-
apidations.

From these constant mendings, the
slippers, as a natural consequence, had
become so weighty that they had passed
into a proverb, and when any one wanted
to express something very heavy, Cas-
sem's slippers were always the objects of
comparison.

One day, while our merchant was out
promenading in the great bazaar of the
city, he was informed that a poor per-
fumer having fallen into difficulties, had
a small quantity of otto of roses which
he was desirous of disposing of to keep
himself and family from starvation.

Abu Cassem, ever on the look-out for
what he called a good bargain, hastened
to profit by the poor man's misfortune,
and purchased his otto at about half its
value.

This excellent affair had put him in a
most amiable mood; but, instead of giv-
ing a sumptuous feast, according to the
custom of the Eastern merchants when
they have been successful in their nego-
tiations, he thought he would treat him-
self to a bath instead, a luxury he had
not enjoyed for a long time.

As he was taking off his clothes, one
of his friends, or at least an individual
who pretended to be such (for misers sel-
dom have friends), told him that his
slippers rendered him the talk of the
whole city, and that it was high time he
bought himself a new pair.

"I have been thinking of so doing for
a length of time," replied Cassem, "but
after all, these are not yet quite past ser-
vice." While thus conversing, he en-
tered the bath.

It so happened, that while our miser
was washing, the Cadi of Bagdad came
also to bathe. Cassem having left be-
fore the judge, proceeded to the outer
cooling room for the purpose of dressing;
he resumed his clothes, one by one, but
when it came to the slippers, they were
nowhere to be found.

A beautiful new pair being in place of
his own, our miser, persuaded, because
he so desired it, that this was a present
from the friend who had been so lately
lecturing him on the subject of his pedal
coverings, put his feet into the luxurious
slippers, and issued forth from the bath
full of joy.

When the Cadi had finished bathing,
his slaves sought in vain their master's
slippers; they found but a vile, patched
pair, which were at once recognized as
the slippers of the merchant Cassem; the
city guards were forthwith despatched
in search of the delinquent, and soon re-
turned leading in our friend Cassem,
who was charged with the theft; the
Cadi, after changing slippers with his
prisoner, sent him to jail.

In the East it is necessary to loose one's
purse strings to escape the claws of jus-
tice, and as Cassem passed in the world
for being as rich as he was miserly, he
did not get out for a trifle.

Our merchant, driven to despair by
these freaks of Fortune, proceeded to
the aqueduct at some distance from the
city, and cast his slippers into the water,
accompanying the act by a malediction
which need not be repeated—but the
fickle jade, it would appear, had not yet
tired of playing her tricks upon him, for
chance so willed it that the slippers
should be directed by the current directly
into the mouth of the conduit pipe of the
aqueduct, where they stuck fast, thus
intercepting the supply of water to the
city.

The men employed at the water-works
hastened to repair the damage. Sticking
in the mouth of the pipe they discovered
Cassem's slippers, which they forthwith
brought to the Governor, declaring that
it was this that had caused all the mis-
chief.

The unfortunate proprietor of the slip-
pers was again thrown into prison, and
condemned to pay a fine heavier than
the two others; but the Governor who
had punished the misdemeanor, magnan-
imously declared that he could not rec-
oncile it to his conscience to detain the
property of another, faithfully restored
to the merchant his precious slippers.
Cassem, in order to deliver himself from
all the evils which they had caused him,
now resolved to burn them; but as they
were completely soaked with water they
had imbibed during their residence in
the aqueduct, he exposed them to the
hot rays of the sun on the terrace of his
house.

And here fortune played our miser the
unkindest trick of all. A neighbor's
dog spied out the slippers as they lay in
the sun; he jumped from his master's
terrace on to that of the merchant,
seized one of the slippers in his mouth,
and while playing with it, threw it over
the parapet into the street; the fatal
shoe fell directly on the head of a woman
in a very delicate state of health, who
was passing at the time.

The infuriated husband lodged a com-
plaint with the Cadi, and Cassem was
condemned to pay a fine, proportioned
to the evil of which he had been the
cause.

He returned home, and taking his
slippers in his hands: "Seignior," said he
to the Cadi, with a vehemence of gesture
which made the judge laugh, "behold
the fatal instruments of all my troubles,
these slippers have at length reduced me
to poverty; deign to issue a decree in
order that from henceforth no one will
be permitted to impute to me the evils
which they will doubtless still occasion."

The Cadi could not refuse his demand,
and thus Cassem learnt at a consider-
able expense the danger one incurs by
not changing sufficiently often one's
slippers.

ABOUT THE DAY.—The first of Janu-
ary, forming the accomplishment of the

eight days after the birth of Christ has
been sometimes called the octave of
Christmas;—and is celebrated in church
services as the day of the Circum-
cision.

It was formerly customary for English
nobles, and those about the court, to
make presents on this day, to the sove-
reign;—who, if he were a prince with
anything like a princely mind, took care
that the returns he made, in kind, should
at least balance the cost to a subject.

The custom, however, became a seri-
ous tax when the nobles had to do
with a sovereign of another character;
and in England in Elizabeth's day, it
was an affair of no trifling expense to
maintain ground as a courtier. The lists
of the kind of gifts which she exacted
from all who approached her, and the
accounts of the childish eagerness with
which she turned over the wardrobe
finery, furnished in great abundance—as
the sort of gift most suited to her cap-
acity of appreciation—furnish admirable
illustrations of her mind.

She is said to have taken good care
that her returns should leave a very sub-
stantial balance in her own favor. The
practice is said to have been extin-
guished in the reign of George III.

A worse custom still, however, was
that of presenting gifts to the Chancellor,
by suitors in his court—for the purpose
of influencing his judgments.

In Paris—where this day is called the
Jour d'etrennes (the day of gifts)—the
practice is still of universal observance;
and the streets are brilliant with the dis-
plays, made in every window, of the
articles which are to furnish these tokens
of kindness,—and with the gay equi-
pages, and well-dressed pedestrians,
passing in all directions, to be the bearers
of them, and offer the compliments that
are appropriate to the season.

The thousand bells of the city are
pealing from its numerous belfries—fill-
ing the air with an indescribable sense
of festivity,—and would alone set the
whole capital in motion, if they were a
people that ever sat still.

This singing of a thousand bells is like-
wise a striking feature of the day, in Lon-
don; and no one, who has not heard the
mingling voices of these high choristers,
in a metropolis, can form any notion of
the wild and stirring effects produced by
the racing and crossing, and mingling of
their myriad notes.



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